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## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

### UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.  
No. V.

Reviewing—Qualities of a good Review—Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

In my last Lecture, I endeavoured to trace the origin of reviewing, and for that purpose offered a few remarks on the nature of criticism in general. I next mentioned what particulars are known of the first Review, the 'Journal des Sçavans,' which was published in France, and stated the dates of a few others which have appeared since, and have connected the Review of M. de Sallo, with similar works of the present day; after which, I mentioned some of the uses which the system of public criticism may render to literature and literary persons, when it is properly and fairly employed.

It would not be right to pass over the subject of reviewing, without mentioning the circumstances which expose the system of periodical criticism to the danger of becoming corrupt and inefficient. These are not, however, such as are most commonly supposed to affect its fidelity or usefulness; they arise neither from prejudice, bribery, nor favouritism, but from the total incapacity of half the persons who assume the office of reviewers, to execute it fairly or properly,—the rapid succession of new works necessary to be noticed at their first appearance, and the consequent rivalry of the different journals in expeditious reviewing, and lastly, the employment of these journals, sometimes, as mere reflectors of popular opinion, and the subjection of them, at others, to the influence of popular tastes and prejudices. These results from each of these causes a numerous tribe of defects, one or the other of which may be discovered in most of our Reviews. Those most to be reprobated, are the faults and errors which arise either from the ignorance or unformed judgment of persons manifestly unqualified for the office of critics. The editor of a Review has no excuse for defects of this sort in his publication. The qualifications which every one ought to possess, who pretends to pass an opinion on a work of science or general literature, are not difficult to be ascertained; and, when the conductor of a Periodical admits among his contributors, men who, let their tact or confidence be what it will, have neither liberal knowledge, enlarged views, nor ascertained purity of taste, he needs not be surprised if his work lose its reputation, or only retain as purchasers the inexperienced and uninformed. It is too certain, that less attention is paid to this consideration than it deserves. Pretenders to critical skill are permitted to talk in Reviews of books they have not wit to understand, to offer positive opinions on subjects they have never before thought of, to attack the character of authors whose taste or genius they have not capacity to discern, and write whole paragraphs of crude senseless jargon, which the illumiati of a country town may think sound philosophy, but which any one who can doubt the infallibility of a Review must peruse with disgust.

The rivalry of different Reviews, in giving the earliest notices of new books, is another fruitful source of evil to the lighter classes of such Periodicals, and to which a very considerable share of

their blots and imperfections may be traced. If there be a mysterious faculty of intuition proper to Reviewers, and by which they are able to decide upon the merits of a book from its title and table of contents, I am willing to allow, that a few hours are sufficient to write a Review of any book whatever, and that the critic may do his duty both to the author and the public without further care; but, if reviewers must proceed according to the common laws of the human understanding,—if they must read and think before they can criticise,—it is hardly a matter of doubt what will be the character of an article which has been written at an hour's notice, and which is to decide, with equal precipitancy, on the merits of a close-written history, or a serious disquisition, and on the character of a trifling poem or a fashionable novel. Something of this evil is owing to the press of new publications, and a natural wish in the conductors of Reviews to make their readers acquainted with them as soon as possible; but it is mostly to be attributed to an undue importance being given to the first notice or specimen of a newwork, for which their readers have generally to pay by having to read the undigested remarks of a critique, which is given at hazard or is all extract. When this practice is pursued to any length, it becomes the height of folly, and is to be ranked with the ambition of stage-coach drivers, who, to get in five minutes before a rival, will risk the lives of a dozen passengers. But another danger to which reviews are exposed, and which, in whatever degree it exercises any influence, destroys their usefulness and respectability, is a temptation to become the reflectors or agents of popular sentiment, taste, or projects. Wherever this happens, and it does not unfrequently, a Review loses its authority and dignity, and does not deserve to be ranked higher than a political pamphlet or a collection of school-boy essays. It can hardly have escaped the attention of thinking people, that, when literature is in the state in which it is at present in England, the duties of the conductors of such publications, to be properly performed, require an intellect of a very high order, and a free, independent hardihood of mind, still less commonly possessed. The critical authorities of a literary nation, if they be worth recognising as such, are not to be satisfied with seeing authors write up to the standard they have fixed for themselves, when that standard is low, nor are they to be content with pointing out defects in a particular style, when the whole style itself is vicious and corrupt. It is a necessary part of their qualification for the office they undertake, to have proper notions of the worth and dignity of literature; and, in conformity with such notions, to labour after raising its character, giving a deeper tone to its sentiment, and purifying it from whatever debases or lowers its spirit. That this is not so uniformly attended to, as for the respectability of public criticism it ought, is too frequently shown, by the manner in which works of the lowest character are sometimes received by the public press, by the tame and monstrous servility (with which one Periodical after another will repeat the praise of some insignificant novel, by the vague and undetermined style of remark with which any work of a higher description is frequently noticed, and, still more evidently, by the rareness of any plain, direct, and manly attacks upon the strongholds of prejudice, popular caprice, or pampered licentiousness.

I have now mentioned several, both of the advantages of public criticism, and of the dangers to which it is liable. It is not difficult to gather, from what has been said on these points, a tolerably correct idea of the qualities which belong to a good Review, and the union of which is necessary to its usefulness and respectability. They are of two kinds, the one depending on the moral character, the other on the judgment, of the critic. Independence of mind, the admiration and comprehension of whatever is pure and noble in moral sentiment, a superiority to vulgar prejudices in all their forms and to every kind of false taste, together with that sovereign virtue in a critic, the power of viewing every thing in connection with the higher purposes of literature, or in subjection to the laws and principles of truth and good taste. These are qualities of personal character, and which are far more necessary to make a man a good critic, or, at least, one on whom, as a public writer, any just confidence can be placed, than any of those to an orator which the writers on rhetoric have considered a part of his necessary qualification. Without these, a man may be a lively railer, or a warm eulogist, but not a faithful or enlightened critic. He may have the power of strong expression, when either his passion or his prejudice is roused; but he can never be depended on, either for truth or discrimination. Every friend, therefore, to the periodical press will as anxiously watch and reprobate the smallest appearance of time-serving, or loose and vacillating sentiment in a review, as he will indications of literary incompetency or unfairness.

One of the first characteristics, accordingly, to be looked for in a publication of this kind, is a consistency of sentiment, a clear, straightforward, and unbending defence of what is considered true or right, in either morals or literature—a freedom from levity in whatever concerns any of the important questions regarding human happiness or good, and a general tendency in its style and composition, to support principles of pure and ennobling virtue. When this is found to form part of the character of a Review, its honesty at least may be depended upon; and, without this, neither the highest talents, the most powerful connections, nor the most advantageous situation for obtaining information or support, is deserving a moment's consideration. The judgment of a Review, the fidelity or consistency of which has been once open to censure, must for ever after be received with hesitation; and its praise or condemnation of an author, will be regarded as depending on circumstances foreign to those which legitimately determine the opinions of a critic.

The literary qualities of a good Review may be determined by the uses such publications are meant to answer. They are intended to guide the judgment of their readers; and their criticisms, therefore, should be full, clear, and decided. They are intended to afford information as to the state of contemporary literature; and they should, therefore, select for notice such works as may best illustrate it in its different departments. Lastly, they are intended to supply, in some measure, the want of original works; and they should, therefore, contain as many carefully-selected extracts as possible, and, whenever it can be done, close and careful abstracts. Such are the features which a Review, when properly con-

stituted, presents; but there are so many circumstances calculated to divert such publications from their original purpose, that very few are to be found, either in England or on the Continent, which can be regarded as very closely fulfilling their proper office with the public.

After having said thus much on the principles upon which the system of reviewing is founded, on its uses, and the qualities which ought to distinguish it, I shall endeavour to characterise, by a few short observations, the principal publications of the kind to which public attention is most generally turned. The first of these is 'The Edinburgh Review.' I have already mentioned the respect which is due to this publication for the impetus it originally gave to periodical literature. It was the first which, with any thing like a spirit of championship, came forth into the great arena of public controversy. It was the first, in fact, which manifested any trust in its own strength; which shew men of talent and vigorous intellects, determined and energetic in the defence of good taste, and what they deemed necessary to human happiness, and which acted upon the only right principle of such works, a rigid resolution to attack and hew down whatever polluted the purity of literature or stood opposed to truth. I am not, of course, taking upon me to praise every particular decision or principle of this journal. I am declaring my opinion as to its power and intellectual vigour only; and in these, at its starting, it had neither rival nor imitator. In looking over the whole series of 'The Edinburgh Review' from its commencement in 1803 to the present time, the most superficial observer can hardly fail of discovering the bold track it has followed through the wide field of general knowledge, the weight with which it has crushed the most noisome and most prolific weeds that have risen in its path, and the unsparing hand with which it has wrenched them up, when deep-rooted and of long growth. But it is not by its particular criticisms, by its reviews of a single book or author, that it has obtained the power and influence it has so long possessed. It was discovered, that merely pointing out a few verbal blunders in a book, condemning or lauding some production of the day in reference to its individual deserts only, or presenting isolated extracts of works, the substance of which it was impossible to give, would be infinitely less useful and influential than taking hold of the very subject itself to which a publication referred, giving extended and general views of the questions it involved, furnishing the reader with the rules and principles on which his decision ought to rest, and gathering into a close and compact digest, the best arguments, the soundest opinions, or the most striking illustrations, of which any matter, either of taste or reason, admits. In conformity with this idea, 'The Edinburgh Review' became the expounder of principles, the setter forth of dogmas, the proud and lofty-toned denunciator; sometimes bearing out its decisions by a keen-eyed anatomy of some contemporary work, but more frequently contenting itself with holding up the mirror of its philosophy, and leaving the reader to judge of truth and falsehood, beauty and deformity, by the lines he sees portrayed upon its surface. In one word, it has from time to time left authors, to attack systems; neglected to analyse a book, that it might develop a theory; lifted its lash, like a churlish pedagogue, against a poem or an essay; but stood forth in the full panoply of reason when general truth was its object. It has spoken with a somewhat insolent and untempered tone of literature in detail, but has argued nobly on the universality of its power and excellence—it has sported in the wantonness of strength with whatever it found on the surface of the field, but dug with the earnestness of a miser where it traced signs of a hidden wealth—it has mocked in determined scorn at ideas of conciliation or courtesy in criticism, but it has

brought all authors to the same stern test of truth and propriety—it has neglected to satisfy curiosity on many books, but it has drawn a wide circle, by remark and investigation, which embraces almost all the subjects on which human thought can be employed. It has seemed, we may lastly add, to be composed of essays and dissertations, but has in reality contained criticisms, each of which would furnish a hundred of the particular ones in smaller reviews and magazines. Of the actual and present literary character of 'The Edinburgh Review,' it must be confessed that it is equal neither in power nor vigour to what it was a few years back. The views it takes are general, but they are often superficial too. Its political theories are founded on lengthy calculations, its literary philosophy is often borrowed from Germany, and its observation of the passing tide made to depend too much on the experiments of former years. It may be properly characterised by saying, that the deep and powerful intellect which once seemed to be concentrated in its substance, is now diffused, like a bright but unburning light, over its pages; that there is power, activity, and an occasional originality of the truest kind in its composition; but that it wants the fresh spring and motion which formerly filled it with life and spirit, and which, if it now possessed it, would give it throughout that high intellectual tone which at present is found only in a few laboured articles.

'The Quarterly Review,' which has closely followed 'The Edinburgh' in its plan of generalising its criticisms, is, it is well known, strongly opposed to it in principles. There is, however, a very different spirit animating these two great Reviews, independent of any political considerations. 'The Edinburgh' has, from the beginning, spoken as if it had certain purposes to effect, and as if it was to obtain its ends by the severe and authoritative tone of its sentiments and language. It has had a bold and business-like spirit in whatever it has undertaken, and appealed to its readers as if it were always in earnest and always determined. 'The Quarterly,' on the contrary, has generally assumed a milder tone; has argued, and argued convincingly, but with more apparent deference to the private judgment of readers. It has condemned and applauded publications in as high a degree as its rival, and with as much seeming sincerity; but it has always taken more pains to prove its judgment correct, and dared less to play the dictator. It has its particular principles and views to support, and it has supported them with a noble talent and the richest treasures of much and varied learning; but its style, in all its minutiae, its arguments, and theories, belong to, and spring from, literature in its conventional refinement. Its strength is not employed as if it were innate; it is not at the impulse of its own will, at the bidding of a voice heard only by itself, that it puts it forth; but at the many and long-observed signals of experience and research, and after it has, as it were, acknowledged itself to be not the power which can control or legislate, but the representative of a superior one, from which its own force is derived.

The great and most valuable characteristic of 'The Quarterly,' is the elegant learning every where visible in its pages, which, without giving the least touch of pedantry to its most serious articles, adds solidity to its disquisitions on the lightest points of literary inquiry. It is seldom it displays any boldness, any deep fervour of sentiment or originality of thought; but it is almost uniformly distinguished by the same clear and lucid style, the same variety of illustration, the same power over the widest fields of human inquiry, and the same skill in treating of recondite subjects with ease and good taste. It is, in its character and construction, the fit representative of a literary aristocracy. Elegant in its style, but without the kindling fervour of original

thought; judicious in its general sentiments, but taking them from the experience of the world, rather than from a lofty philosophy; decided in its judgments, but generally basing them on the proprieties of taste and learning, rather than on the free and far-looking truth of nature; calculated, by its variety of intelligence, its clear criticisms and arrangement, to afford a good idea of the state of literature from time to time, but limiting its fitness for the purpose by an occasional formality and contractedness in its manner and subjects: composed, in a word, of many elements of good—the learning of the scholar, the elegant taste of the poet, the clear good sense of the experienced writer, and true consistency of opinions this long-established and influential periodical has the most signal merits, which it can only be the blinding prejudice of party that can lessen, on the one side, or the equally blinding prejudice of party that can refuse to acknowledge on the other.

Such is the character which we think may fairly be given to the two most influential periodicals which have ever appeared in this, or perhaps in any country. The greatest men in the literary world have, from their commencement, contributed the principal portion of their contents; and the strongest partisans of each political sect have made use of them as the organs of their opinions. Composed in this manner of materials valuable in themselves, and combined by a pervading spirit of strongly excited sentiment, both 'The Edinburgh' and 'The Quarterly' will retain their high station in the ranks of periodical literature, till some far greater change take place in every other work of the same description, than is at present to be calculated upon. There are also advantages belonging to the existence of two such publications in a literary nation, that we should be sorry to see diminished or counteracted. They have an authority ceded to them by the common consent of almost every sect and party in the literary world, and the few who pretend to dissent from the general opinion are, in almost every case, either offended authors or ignorant candidates for publicity. One good effect of the authority thus possessed by the Reviews we are speaking of, is the high tone they are able to take in their discussions, and the vigour with which every article will be written, the author of which is sure of being heard, and heard with respect, by the most thinking part of the community. This advantage, which, it cannot be denied, is possessed to a considerable extent, both by the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly,' may, it is true, be sometimes abused or neglected; but so long as they depend on the public for support, this cannot be materially the case, and there is little reason to fear that, with the exception of the occasional variations to which all works of the kind are subject, they will ever, for a very long period indeed, lose the station which they at present occupy.

Another advantage, also belonging to them, is that from their size, and the manner in which they are composed, they give those general views of the state of literature, which it is the most useful purpose of such works to afford. When considered in this respect, their value is greater than most other periodicals; and in looking back on past eras of literature, an enquirer can hardly help feeling of what important service they will be to the literary historians of future times. We may observe, in the last place, that periodical literature itself is advantaged by the existence of these greater works. People accustomed to their pages, will not easily tolerate, for any length of time, publications of an inferior character; they will not be readily induced to patronise a work for its quackery or pretended novelty; and the consequence will be, that Reviews of every class, will, in some measure partake of the consistency, and the generalising tendency of the criticisms, that distinguish the valuable Periodicals of which we have thus spoken.

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## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

DR. PHILIP'S RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*Researches in South Africa; illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes: including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior; together with Detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the Influence of Christianity in Promoting Civilization. By the Rev. John Philip, D.D., Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, 2 vols. 8vo. Duncan. London, 1828.*

(Concluded from page 384.)

WE have already made our readers acquainted with the principal purpose Doctor Philip has had in view, in the publication of these volumes: a purpose honourable to himself—important in its relations to the great cause of humanity—and interesting, in all its details and bearings, to the sincere friends of Christianity. The relation he has given of the gradual change in the character of the forlorn South Africans, from that of a meek, simple, and kind-hearted people, to one of a cruel and barbarous kind, is melancholy in the extreme; and the exposure he has made of the sufferings and persecutions they have undergone, from the first settlement of the Dutch among them to the present time, can be read with no other feelings than those of indignation against the perpetrators of such enormities against an innocent people, and of deep, painful commiseration with the sufferers. We could draw from the documents of Doctor Philip examples of the most detestable crimes that avarice ever induced men to commit, and of the most flagrant violations of natural justice and the common and allowed rights of every branch of the human race; but we must leave his work to speak in these respects with all the fulness of argument and proof which his pages contain; and we turn from this view of Doctor Philip's publication to the consideration of it as a book of travels, with the expression of our ardent hope that he may prevail in this cause of humanity and religion.

To the ordinary readers of voyages and travels, it will be some little disappointment, at first, to find that the work we are noticing contains much fewer direct descriptions of South African scenery, or of the manners of the natives, than might have been expected from a person so well acquainted with them both. It will, however, be found, that, though seldom employing his pen in any laboured description, the author has been very successful in his incidental notices of the objects which met his attention. His thoughts, it appears, were almost continually bent on the important purposes of his journey; but, when they happened to connect themselves with some event or object that interested him, he made his observations with the skill of an experienced traveller. But, to do Dr. Philip justice in this respect, his work must be read, as we are obliged to select for extract the few passages that contain more perfect descriptions. The following, we trust, will be found interesting:

'From the description given me of the manner in which the Bushmen, in that part of the country, kill lions, it appears that they destroy that formidable animal much more quietly and expeditiously than even the marksman of the country can dispatch him by firearms. In the contests of the Bushmen with the lions, the reader must not expect any thing like the prolonged struggle and noble daring which he may have elsewhere read of, or seen described in the first volume of this work, by the landroost Sterreberg. After firing hundreds of shots, it is not necessary for the Bushman, in his own defence, to doff his kaross, and pierce the heart of his noble antagonist with an assagai spear. He goes more quietly and safely to work. To account for the superior success of the Bushmen in these desperate affrays, we must begin our narrative by giving some account of the habits of the lion. The lion, which, in many points of his character, resembles the dog, differs from him in this, that his hearing is not so acute, and he is not, for that reason, easily awakened. When a lion is asleep, particularly after he has gorged himself with his prey, you may walk

round about him without disturbing him; and he has this property, that, if he is awakened by any thing striking or falling upon him, he loses all presence of mind, and instantly flies off, if he is not confined, in the direction in which he happens to be lying at the time.

The wolf and the tiger generally retire to the caverns and the ravines of the mountains, but the lion is most usually found in the open plain, and in the neighbourhood of the flocks of antelopes, which invariably seek the open country, and which manifest a kind of instinctive aversion to places in which their powerful adversary may spring upon them suddenly and unexpectedly. It has been remarked of the lion, by the Bushmen, that he generally kills and devours his prey in the morning at sunrise, or at sunset. On this account, when they intend to kill lions, they generally notice where the spring-bucks are grazing at the rising of the sun; and, by observing, at the same time, if they appear frightened and run off, they conclude that they have been attacked by the lion. Marking accurately the spot where the alarm took place, about eleven o'clock in the day, when the sun is powerful, and the enemy they seek is supposed to be fast asleep, they carefully examine the ground, and, finding him in a state of unguarded security, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment the lion is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as the stricken deer. The work is done; the arrow of death has pierced his heart, without even breaking the slumbers of the lioness, which may have been lying beside him; and the Bushman knows where, in the course of a few hours, or even less time, he will find him dead, or in the agonies of death.\*

'After a journey of four days from Griqua Town, we arrived, on the 10th of September, at the missionary station on the Kuruman fountain. The situation chosen for the site of the new station, and the appearance of the place, were of course the first things which attracted my attention; and I am happy to say, that, in both, my expectations were exceeded. The scarcity of rain is a great barrier to improvement in this country, as a shower to moisten the ground is a rare event. The missionaries (Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat) assured me, that they had not, for five years, seen a drop of rain running on the surface of the ground, and their sole dependence for corn and vegetables is upon irrigation.

'If cloudless skies and continual sunshine be favourable to happiness, the people of this country might be supposed to enjoy it in a high degree, for it is seldom that a single cloud is seen in the horizon. When we form our estimate of happiness, we seldom reflect how much of it arises from the power of contrast. Clouds and shades impart to a Bechuana a more lively idea of felicity, than sunshine and fine weather do to an Englishman.

'While the missionaries resided at New Lattakoo, which is not more than nine or ten miles distant from the station on the Kuruman, with considerable labour they succeeded in bringing a small stream of water to the town; but it proved insufficient, and it was still of great importance to fix upon a spot where the requisite quantity of water might be procured. The fountain of the Kuruman rises at the bottom of a small hill, which ascends between forty and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding plains. The hill, which presents a flat surface, and the diameter of which is about three-quarters of a mile, is composed of green stone and amygdaloid, intersected with veins of apparently crystallized quartz. The green stone is in large masses, embedded in lime; and, from the projections of the lower strata, it appears to rest upon a bed of coarse limestone. The Kuruman is the finest spring of water I have seen in Africa. Immediately at the source, and on a considerable declivity, it presents one stream, six feet in breadth, and nearly two feet in depth, rushing forth with considerable force. This body of water is joined by some smaller streams issuing from the same source; and, not more than a few hundred paces from the fountain, it spreads itself into a ford of considerable breadth, and about four inches in depth. The place chosen for the site of the institution was selected because the breadth of the valley, at that spot, affords the greatest quantity of land capable

\* 'One of the keepers at Exeter Change was lately killed by a lion, from his ignorance of this peculiarity. On going into the cage of the lion, and awakening him, the animal, not seeing any way of escape, instantly killed the man, whom, probably, under other circumstances, he would have caressed.'

of irrigation, and is not more than three miles below the spring. The first object of the missionaries was to cut a channel for the water; and they have now finished a ditch two miles in length, two feet in depth, and from three to five feet in breadth. This has been a very arduous, and certainly a great work for their strength. They had no assistance from the Bechuanas, who were not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the undertaking to take any part in it. Until they saw the water running into the ditch, they deemed it impossible, and treated the attempt with ridicule. But, when they saw it completed, their surprise was as great as their former scepticism; and it was amusing to see several ditches which they had dug, without the knowledge of the missionaries, immediately below the fountain, in the hope that the water would follow their spades and pickaxes up the sides of the adjoining heights. The Bechuanas are, however, now convinced of their error; and some of them are leading out the water to make gardens and corn-fields on an inclined plane, and are very much ashamed when any one diverts himself by referring to their former attempts.

'When the missionaries first undertook this work, Mateebé, the king, or principal chief, of the tribe, promised to join them with his people; but it appears that his incredulity respecting its success, and the disturbed state of the country, have hitherto prevented him from fulfilling his promise. In the beginning of June last, he was attacked and plundered of some cattle. The alarm occasioned by this circumstance, together with reports of other meditated attacks, induced him to remove from Lattakoo nearer to the Griquas, to whom, particularly to the chief, Waterboer, he looked up for assistance and protection in danger; but Mahuri, his brother, and his people, are now at missionary station.

'With very great labour, the missionaries have succeeded in erecting a neat row of houses in the bottom of the valley; to each house is attached a large garden, enclosed with a neat fence. The gardens have been laid out, by Mr. Moffat, with much taste; and, from his knowledge of horticulture, they have been stocked with a variety of seeds and edible roots. In front of the houses, and at a distance of, perhaps, forty feet, is the canal by which the water has been led out from the river. Across this water-channel is a wooden bridge, leading to each house. Within ten feet of the house is the garden, from which it is entered by a gate; and along the whole line of the fence, the space between it and the water course is planted with willows and poplars. After the journey we had from Griqua Town, there was something very refreshing to us in the appearance of this sequestered and pleasing spot. Mr. Gleig and Captain Warren, who had visited it only a few days before, were quite delighted with the mission-families, with their labours, and with the rising beauty of the place. Should the missions continue to prosper in this place, and the same spirit of improvement which Mr. Moffat discovers continue to manifest itself, it will, in the course of a few years, when the plantation is a little further advanced, present a very pleasing object to the African traveller.—Vol. II. pp. 110-115.

## 'Superstitions of the Bechuans.'

The aspects of superstition among savage or barbarous tribes, are so various and so trifling, and the resemblance between them is so great, that on knowing the superstitions of one tribe, all is known that is worth relating. Everything in a state of ignorance, which is not known, and which is involved in mystery, is the object of superstitious veneration, where second causes are unknown, and invisible agency is substituted in their places. My only object in adverting to that subject at present, is to show the influence which the instructions of the Missionaries have had, in this particular, upon the minds of the people.

'Till lately the missionaries have not been allowed to use manure for their gardens. It was formerly universally believed, that if the manure were removed from the cattle-kraals, the cattle would die of a particular disease. This prejudice is now removed, at least with Mahuri and his people, and the missionaries have at present no trouble on the subject. The Rain-makers, as they are called among Mateebé's people, used to exercise great influence over them, but that profession is no longer in public estimation.

'Mateebé, reasoning with Mr. Moffat on this subject, remarked, "If God governs the world, (and I am now disposed to admit that opinion,) he must be the father of rain."

'In the fountains in this country, there is a species of large water-snake. The Bechuanas consider these

creatures sacred, and believe, that if one of them is killed, the fountain will be dried up. An immensely large one was seen basking among the reeds near the Kuruman fountain; from the description given of it, the missionaries believed it to belong to an unknown species, and wished to procure it. When it became known that they were watching for it, an alarm was excited among the people. To quiet this alarm, Mahuri collected his people, and pointed them to the ditch the missionaries had dug for leading out the water, the buildings they had erected, and the gardens they had enclosed, and then, remarking on the superior skill of the missionaries, asked them, "If the trouble and expense they had been at was not sufficient security that they would do nothing to injure the fountain." From the confidence the people had in the missionaries, and the progress which rational ideas had made among them, this mode of reasoning was effective.

Formerly, it was against their practice to deviate from the customs of their ancestors. When urged to plant corn, &c., they used to reply, that their fathers were wiser than themselves, and yet were content to do as they did: they also regarded every innovation as an insult to the memory of their ancestors. On this visit to the Kuruman, I had the satisfaction to see Mahuri, with his people, and other Bechuanas, applying to the missionaries for seed-corn to sow on the lands then under irrigation. In reference also to a promise of the missionaries to plough some land, and train a span of bullocks for him, he manifested considerable pleasure. Mahuri has also adopted the European dress.

The Bechuanas, and all the Caffer tribes, have no idea of any man dying except from hunger, violence, or witchcraft. If a man die, even at the age of ninety, if he do not die of hunger or by violence, his death is imputed to sorcery or to witchcraft, and blood is required to expiate or avenge it. This sometimes gives rise to indescribable scenes of slaughter and misery. Where the person who dies a natural death has no one to avenge it, or if the person supposed to have occasioned his death is powerful, the feeling, of course, is smothered; but, on the deaths of chiefs or great men, those at variance with them are generally suspected, and a natural death is followed by many murders.

Peclu, the heir of Mateebé, who visited Cape Town in company with Mr. Moffat, was rather an interesting young man, of an affectionate disposition, a favourite with his parents, the people, and the missionaries. On his return to Lattakoo, he became enamoured of a young woman who was engaged to a son of one of his father's chiefs. The missionaries did what they could to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain; and the former connexion was easily dissolved when the young chief became a suitor. A marriage followed, and Peclu died, about eight months after that event, by what is called in that country the bloody sickness. His death was the cause of great lamentation to all the people, but his parents were inconsolable. The death of Peclu was imputed to sorcery, employed by the family of the chief whose son had been formerly betrothed to the young wife of Peclu. No investigation was instituted. To be suspected and found guilty amounts, under such circumstances, to the same thing; the family was to be exterminated. Mateebé consented; and Mahuri was called upon, as next brother to Mateebé, and uncle to the deceased, to become the avenger of blood. When the secret was confined to Mahuri, he expostulated with Mateebé on the cruelty and injustice of the measure; he asked him if this was all he had gained by having the missionaries so long with him. Mateebé became ashamed, and endeavoured to oppose the queen's purpose, but she was inexorable. Mateebé, therefore, still sided with her against his own convictions. Mahuri, seeing he could neither persuade his brother to resist the opportunity of the queen, nor himself decline office, apprised the family of their danger, and they fled to a tribe of Baroings. He followed them with his warriors, and returned and told his brother, and the people in general, that the chief and his family had found protection; that he was not in a condition to attack them; and that, if they persisted in pursuing the matter further, they must go to war with several tribes more powerful than themselves.

Mahuri was, till lately, considered as not favourably disposed towards the missionaries, and we cannot say that he is yet converted to Christianity; but the circumstances related respecting him show a very pleasing change, and afford reason to believe that the labours of the missionaries have not been altogether in vain, and that still greater results may yet be expected from them.—Vol. ii. pp. 116—120.

The following description was given us by the people of the Kuruman, of an expedition which some

of them made, in their younger days, across the desert north of Lattakoo, over which I had so recently looked in vain for a single object on which the eye might repose. They stated that they travelled two months, over sandy plains, without meeting a human being;—that, in all that journey they did not see one spring of water;—that, when they had left the springs behind them, they found an abundance of water-melons;—that they found the juice of the melons a good substitute for water;—that, after travelling two months, they came to a great water;—that this water was so great they could not see any thing beyond it;—that there were people living by it;—and that, on their approach, the people swam, with their cattle, to a small island, at a short distance from the shore. The whole relation was so minute in its details, and there was so much keeping in the accounts given by different individuals, as to give the whole an air of probability; yet, I confess I should not liked to have undertaken a similar journey on the faith of the narrators.

That this desert is without inhabitants, is a fact that is known. Human beings being found in Africa wherever springs of water have been discovered, is a fact that renders it probable that it is without water; and that such a people should be tempted to venture into the desert, with the hope of obtaining plunder, is a circumstance not at all improbable. The only part of the story which appears at all doubtful, is that which relates to the water-melons being scattered in such abundance over that immense tract.

Travelling in Africa, we often meet with singular instances of the bountiful and varied provision made by Providence, evidently intended for the support of animal life under circumstances of great privation; but the following circumstance leaves some doubt on my mind as to the truth of this part of the statement. The missionary Schmeling, who has, perhaps, travelled as far along the western coast of Africa, never found any such provisions in the deserts traversed by him; and, on one occasion, on the borders of the Damara country, his oxen were five days without water, and he does not speak of having found any such substitute, when the supply he had in his waggon, for his own use, was exhausted.\*

Having finished my business at the Kuruman, I took leave of Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Moffat, and her children, and, in company with Mr. Moffat, set out in quest of Mateebé, and the people who were with him.

After a journey of two days, over an arid plain, at sunset we came in sight of Mateebé's camp. As we approached it, the whole scene presented to us a novel appearance. It stood upon an extensive plain, and was formed of a large circle, enclosing a number of smaller ones, at a considerable distance from each other. Between each family there was a considerable space of ground, and they were placed at equal distances from each other. The plain had been covered with bushes of the laurel tribe, which were from eight to twelve feet in height. Each family had a bush, or rather a circle of bushes, instead of a house. The bushes which formerly occupied the ground, excepting those that were used in the manner we have described, had been cut down, and the people were using them for fire-wood. In the evening, after the cattle are collected together, the people light their fires and cook their coarse meals. It being at this hour that we approached the encampment, the blazing fires, reflected by the glossy leaves of the laurel bushes, presented, in the midst of this desert, an extremely picturesque scene.

The manner in which these circles were formed, which appeared to us, at first sight, so whimsical, we afterwards found was contrived for safety. The cattle, the only property possessed by savage tribes, and the only inducement that others could have to attack them, being lodged, during the night, in the inner circle, the enemy could not approach them on any side unobserved, and without affording the people time to fall back upon them to defend them. The outer circle forms so many points of observation, to give alarm in case of danger. When an alarm is given, the circles contract, and when they fall back to the centre, every man keeps the same relative place he occupied at the commencement of the attack. The women and children are placed beside the cattle.—Vol. ii. pp. 123—5.

\* Since writing the above remarks, I find it stated by my friend Mr. Pringle, in the notes to a very interesting volume of poems, which he has just published, (many of them descriptive of the peculiar scenery and native tribes of South Africa,) that he had met with some of these wild melons in the Great Karroo; and he also mentions having received information, from authentic sources, of the existence of this fruit in great abundance in the Kalleghanny desert.

## NEW NOVEL OF PENELOPE.

*Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost: A Novel.* 3 vols. post 8vo. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

It is seldom we find a novel presenting the two great excellencies of a good fable and a lively delineation of human character. It is, however, by the presence or absence of the latter, that the talents of the author can be best determined. A mind of very inferior cast may manage plots and incidents, so as to engage the close attention of a reader to the end of the work; he may excite his sympathy and his curiosity, by the simplest contrivances of his art, and, after once making him take an interest in some of the mysterious transactions that compose the substance of the narrative, may be pretty sure, in nine instances out of ten, of not being brought to task, either for insipidity in the characters, or an occasional affectation in the language. It hence occurs that a very large majority of the novels which compose a circulating library, are really far from bad, so far as respects their story or fable. If they were, they would never obtain so many anxious and admiring readers; for every one is a judge of what is amusing, or of what interests the imagination, though few possess sufficient skill in the knowledge of character to understand the merit of its varied delineation.

The novel before us is among the very best that have appeared within the last few years; but it is for the acuteness, the clear and felicitous style, displayed in the portraits of the persons introduced, that it is chiefly to be admired. In its story, though by no means bad, it sometimes fails in keeping up the curiosity of the reader, and at others, makes us doubtful as to the general probability of the incidents. Penelope is the daughter of a gentleman, who, having left England to repair his ruined fortunes in the East Indies, is obliged to trust the care of his child to her uncle, the venerable rector of Smatterton. While resident with her relative, she becomes engaged to the son of a neighbouring clergyman, who also has an official situation in the East Indies. During his absence, however, some mishaps occurring in the correspondence of the lovers, poor Penelope is induced to determine on becoming a professional singer, to support herself in independence, and free herself from the unkindness of an ill-natured and capricious aunt. To favour this intention, a fashionable countess, residing in the neighbourhood, determines on introducing her as under her patronage; and Penelope's uncle dying soon after, the arrangements are at once completed. But it so happens that the young lady's father returns at this time, and the project is put an end to. Not so, however, the troubles of our heroine; for she is annoyed, on the one hand, by the addresses of the Countess's profligate son, and, on the other, by the remembrance of her lost lover. But the anxiety and trouble of the different parties are at length overcome, and it is discovered that all the confusion and distress they had suffered, resulted from the base conduct of the young nobleman, in purloining the letters of Penelope's lover. It was not judicious in the author to rest his story on grounds like these; but he has written a book full of interesting sketches, and it is from these we shall take our specimen of his style. And first, the character of

## A Companion.

'This cottage was almost secluded from the sight of the world, but was yet within reach of life's gaieties and luxuries. Its seclusion was owing partly to the immensely thick plantations by which it was hidden from the road, and partly to the narrow and almost imperceptible lane which led to it. The external appearance of the plantation was rugged and uncultivated and neglected; and this appearance was, on the part of the owner and occupier of the place, cunningly intentional. He was a man who loved seclusion, but who loved the world; but the world which he loved was not the miscellaneous world of promiscuous humanity; it was only the world of select and superfatious fashion, of graceful gaiety and refined voluptuousness. He

loved so intense a life we trust with very character. 'His' several degrees of outline belonged to the rest. 'His' marked was tall graceful thinningly for the gaiety in might of looked traces of contempt accurate fashion nity of advantage. 'Of' intelligible reading remarkable of his ed studies acquainted all the op had not was perfect is deriv French, none of sciences, their extory; his when he or their wish or Few gentlemen Every body or fashion engraving and our fected tr occasion real lite muster i reputation. 'The' gic to theory of name, wjects wh were Kie such pe islands of the subj of Persia to trouble trouble may be will not be a mu it would was indi we by no Tory, and tron 'This' would g iple was within h excesses the con few yen experim erion a ready bi bitter away, I turing endeav But the the bitt suffering paradox of givin



loved society not as society, but as the means of more intense and effective sensual gratification. Our readers, we trust, will excuse and accompany us if we describe with very particular minuteness this very singular character. He belonged not to any class, or tribe, or general description of men; for if he had, a few words of outline would suffice to state the class to which he belonged, and imagination or observation might supply the rest. But he was a perfect unique.

His personal appearance was striking, though not marked by any decided or obvious singularity. He was tall and well formed, finely proportioned, and of graceful carriage. The top of his head was entirely and shiningly bald; his complexion was fair, and there was for the most part a look of good humour and easy gaiety in his countenance; but an attentive observer might occasionally perceive a transient cloudiness that looked like disappointment, and there were also visible traces of slight asperity and symptoms of sneer and contemptuousness. In his dress he was fastidiously accurate and expensively splendid. He regarded fashion no farther than that it gave him an opportunity of exhibiting himself to the greatest possible advantage.

Of the qualities of his mind it is difficult to speak intelligibly. He was intellectual, though sensual; his reading was remarkably limited, and his knowledge as remarkably extensive. He had received the rudiments of his education at Westminster, and had finished his studies at Cambridge, at which place he had become acquainted with Lord Spoonbill. But, notwithstanding all the opportunities which had been afforded him, he had not made what is called progress in literature. He was perfect in no species of knowledge or science which is derivable from books. He had learned Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German, but he was familiar with none of them. He had slightly attended to the exact sciences, but he had forgotten of them every thing but their existence. He had read ancient and modern history; his recollection of them was little, but clear; and when he had any occasion to speak of any of their facts or their philosophies, he generally spoke with accuracy, and thereby acquired a reputation, which he had no wish or ambition to acquire, of being a well-read man. Few people speak Greek or Latin; and therefore our gentleman, not being examined, passed for a scholar. Every body who pretends to any degree of refinement or fashion, interspers his own native language with an ungrammatical nasal blattering, called quoting French; and our gentleman had picked up enough of that affected trumpery to pass well in the society which he occasionally frequented. With how small a portion of real literature and actual knowledge a man may pass muster in society, is only known to those who love the reputation of scholarship better than his toils.

The gentleman of whom we are speaking was too politic to trouble himself about politics. His politics, if the theory of such an indolent one may be called by that name, were Ascendancy politics. Those are the best subjects who never trouble their heads about politics. If we were King, we should always encourage and patronise such people. The tame negroes in the West India islands do not trouble their heads about politics, nor do the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, or the King of Persia; for, if they did, their heads would soon cease to trouble them. The people of the United States do trouble their heads, but the time may come when there may be in that part of the world a great multitude who will not trouble their heads about politics; it will then be a much pleasanter thing to be King of America than it would now. But while we say that our gentleman was indifferent to politics, and therefore a good subject, we by no means wish it to be understood that he was a Tory, for Tories do trouble their heads about politics, and trouble other people's heads too.

This person eschewed partisanship, because it would give him trouble to belong to a party. His principle was, to possess and enjoy annually every luxury within his reach; but, at the same time, to avoid those excesses which are palpably and obviously ruinous to the constitution. He had made the experiment for very few years, but he began to find thus early that the experiment was not likely to succeed. For want of exertion and activity, the keenness of his relish had already begun to abate; and, by carefully extracting the bitter ingredients from life's cup and casting them away, he found that its sweets were sickening and saturating. Whatever was annoying to mind or body, he endeavoured, and in most cases successfully, to avoid. But there was gradually and surely coming upon him the bitterest of all annoyances; that kind of mental suffering which is only describable in the language of paradox, and which we will set down for the purpose of giving the purblind puppies of criticism something

to yelp at. He was then beginning to feel the bitterness of sweetness, the darkness of light, the discord of harmony, the solitude of society, the weariness of rest, the deformity of beauty; but he knew not how and from whence this annoyance was coming upon him. He had felt that sensibility was painful, and he had suppressed or neutralised it; he avoided the sight or thought of suffering, for he felt that sympathy with pain was painful. He had not exercised the powers of his mind, lest that exercise should interfere with that system of luxurious enjoyment which he had adopted. He had despised and derided the moral feeling, and had studiously guarded himself against all reproofs which conscience might administer to him. But, with all this care, he experienced feelings far more oppressive than those against which he guarded.

Now the Right Honourable Lord Spoonbill was also a man of no mental exertion, but he was a man of no mental power; he also was sensual, but his was not a deliberate and studied sensuality; it was purely animal and instinctive. He was an Epicurean, but not an Epicurean philosopher. At Cambridge, he had been acquainted with this Mr. Erpingham, and he had admired the dextrous sophistry by which this gentleman had proved the worse to be the better cause. Mr. Erpingham had also been proud of the acquaintance with nobility, though Lord Spoonbill was a younger man than he.—Vol. i. pp. 6—13.

#### Portrait of the Heroine.

Fourteen years had Penelope spent under the roof of the worthy and benevolent rector of Snetterton. To her uncle she had ever looked up as to a father. Of her own father she knew but little; and in all the thoughts she entertained concerning him, there was mingled a feeling of pity. It was highly creditable to Dr. Greendale, that his manner of speaking of Mr. Primrose should have produced this impression on his daughter's mind. There certainly was in the conduct of Penelope's father, enough of the blameable to justify the doctor in declaiming against him as a profligate and thoughtless man, who had brought ruin upon himself and family. But censoriousness was not by any means the doctor's forte. He was rather a moral physician than a moral quack, and he had found in his own parish, that the gentleness of fatherly admonition was more effectual than the indignant eloquence of angry rebuke.

Penelope naturally possessed high and buoyant spirits; and had her situation been any other than that of dependence, it is probable that this vivacity might have degenerated into pertness. It was, however, softened, though not subdued, by the thought of her father in voluntary exile, and the language in which Dr. Greendale was accustomed to speak of his "poor brother Primrose." Her spirit also was humbled, though not broken, by the stepmother-like behaviour of Mrs. Greendale. Penelope could never do or say any thing to please her aunt. When she was cheerful, she was reproved for her pertness; when serious, she was rebuked for being sulky. At her books, she was proud of her learning; at her piano-forte, she was puffed up with useless accomplishments. Out of the kitchen she was too proud for domestic occupation, in it her assistance was not wanted. In her dishabille she was slovenly, when dressed she was a fine lady. By long experience she grew accustomed to this studied annoyance, and it ceased to have a very powerful effect upon her mind; and it might, perhaps, be the means of doing her good, though its intention was anything but kindness.

As the mind and feelings of Penelope Primrose were impelled in different directions by her natural constitution, and by her accidental situation, a greater degree of interest was thus attached to her character. There is in our nature a feeling, from whatever source arising, which loves not monotony, but delights in contrast. The tear which is always flowing moves not our sympathy so strongly as that which struggles through a smile; and the sun never shines so sweetly as when it gleams through the drops of an April shower.

To introduce a female character without some description of person, is almost unprecedented, though it might not be injudicious; seeing that then the imagination of the reader might fill the vacant niche with whatever outward visible form might be best calculated to rouse his attention, to fix his sympathies, and to please his recollections. But we are not of sufficient authority to make precedents. Let it be explicitly said, that Penelope Primrose exceeded the middle stature, that her dark blue eyes were shaded by a deep and graceful fringe, that her complexion was somewhat too pale for beauty, but that its paleness was not perceptible as a defect whenever a smile illumined her

countenance, and developed the dimples that lurked in her cheek and under-lip. Her features were regular, her gait exceedingly graceful, and her voice musical in the highest degree. Seldom, indeed, would she indulge in the pleasure of vocal music, but when she did, as was sometimes the case to please the Countess of Snetterton, her ladyship, who was a most excellent judge, used invariably to pronounce Miss Primrose as the finest and purest singer that she had ever heard. More than once indeed, the Countess had recommended Penelope to adopt the musical profession as a sure and ready means of acquiring independence; but the young lady had scruples, and so had her uncle.—Vol. i. pp. 18.—22.

#### Lord Spoonbill.

At the time of which we are writing, this promising youth (Lord Spoonbill) had just finished his education at the university of Cambridge, or more properly speaking at the joint universities of Cambridge and Newmarket; for the latter is a kind of essential appendix, or chapel of ease, to the former. It is indeed a great piece of neglect, and grievously impeaching the wisdom of our ancestors, that Cambridge only of the two universities is blessed by the vicinity of a race-course; seeing that our hereditary legislators are in many cases more fond of applying the knowledge which they acquire at Newmarket, than that which they gain, if it be any at all, at the university of Cambridge: and if there be any truth in the observation, that the best kind of education is that which is applicable to the purposes and pursuits of after-life, then indeed Newmarket may be called the better half of Cambridge. Lord Spoonbill was not one of those careless young men who lose at the university what they have gained at school; one reason was, that he had little or nothing to lose; nor was his lordship one of those foolish people who go to a university and study hard to acquire languages which they never use, and sciences which they never apply in after-life. His lordship had sense enough to conclude that, as the nobility do not talk Greek, he had no occasion to learn it; and as hereditary legislators have nothing to do with the exact sciences, it would be a piece of idle impertinence in him to study mathematics. But his lordship had heard that hereditary legislators did occasionally indulge in other pursuits, and for those pursuits, he took especial care to qualify himself. In his lordship's cranium, the organ of exclusiveness was strongly developed. We do not mean that his head was so constructed internally, as to exclude all useful furniture, but that he had a strong sense of the grandeur of nobility, and the inseparable dignity which attaches itself to the privileged orders. The only instances in which he condescended to persons in inferior rank, were when he was engaged at the race-course at Newmarket, or when he found that condescension might enable him to fleece some play-loving plebeian, or when affairs of gallantry were concerned. In these matters no one could be more condescending than Lord Spoonbill. We should leave but an imperfect impression on the minds of our readers if we should omit to speak of his lordship's outward and visible form. This was an essential part of himself which he never neglected or forgot; and it should not be neglected or forgotten by his historian. He was tall and slender, his face was long, pale and thin, his forehead was narrow, his eyes large and dull, his nose aquiline, his mouth wide, his teeth beautifully white and well formed, and displayed far more liberally than many exhibitions in the metropolis which are only "open from ten till dusk." His lips were thin, but his whiskers were tremendously thick. Of his person he was naturally and justly proud.—Vol. i. pp. 43—45.

#### A learned Country Gentleman.

There was one, however, of Mrs. Greendale's party against whom no charge of indifference to literature or science could be justly brought. It was Peter Kipperson, Esq. This gentleman, though in middle life, had not abated aught of his zeal for learning. He was a man of very great intellectual ambition. His views were not confined to any one branch of literature, or directed exclusively to any one science. As an agriculturist he certainly took the lead in his county; and being, as it was currently reported, "a capital scholar," he was the composer or compiler of all resolutions and petitions touching the interest of corn-growers. His opinion was asked, and his expressions quoted as authority, on all matters connected with land, or stock, or grain. If any ingenious mechanic had constructed or invented any new machine, the invention was worth nothing till it had the sanction and patronage of Mr. Kipperson. But he was not a mere farmer; he was also a man of letters. He had one of the largest libraries in the neighbourhood; besides which,

he was a subscriber to a public library in the metropolis, from whence he had all the new publications as soon as they came out. He had read far more than Mr. Darnley or Dr. Greendale; the former of whom he called a high priest, and the latter a mere pedant. On the great men of two villages, Lord Smatterton of Smatterton, and Sir George Aimwell of Neverden, he looked down with great contempt as very ignorant men; and though Lord Spoonbill had been at Cambridge, Mr. Kipperson was quite sure, from the obsolete constitution of the universities, that nothing could be taught there that was worth knowing. He therefore thought Lord Spoonbill a very superficial and ignorant man. To the pursuits of literature, Peter Kipperson added a profound love of sciences. The plain farmers, when they called upon this genius, were astonished at the very knowing aspect which his library wore; seeing, that besides the numerous volumes of elegantly bound books, which were ranged on shelves surmounted with busts of Milton, Shakespeare, Cicero, &c. &c., there were globes, maps, electrical machines, telescopes, air-pumps, casts of skulls, chemical apparatus, and countless models of machines of every description, from steam engines down to mole-traps. The glories of Peter are yet untold. Wearied as our readers may be without the monotony of panegyric, they must, if they continue to be our readers, undergo yet more, and be told that Mr. Kipperson was a great judge of music. He could play on the flute and on the piano-forte; but he thought nothing of his performance compared with his judgment. He had once at the opera witnessed the performance of Don Giovanni, and from that moment became a critic. Furthermore, Peter was a perfect gentleman, and to crown all, a man of patriotic principles;—though it has been whispered that his politics were conveniently adapted to those of the Earl of Smatterton and Sir George Aimwell. It does sometimes happen, as some of our readers may know, that in some parts of Great Britain, the little gentry copy the politics of the great gentry or nobility of their neighbourhood. Mr. Kipperson, with all these amiable and estimable qualities, was a single man. He consoled himself with the reflection that Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton were unmarried.—Vol. I. pp. 51—55.

The other characters in the work are equally well drawn. The portraits of Penelope's uncle, of Mr. Darnley, the Rector of Neverden, of Colonel Crop, and Sir George Aimwell, a sporting baronet and poacher-killing Magistrate, have not been excelled even by the pencil of Fielding. There are also several scenes and dialogues of great merit, displaying the good taste of the author, as well as his knowledge of the world. We have no doubt that this very admirable novel will obtain considerable popularity; and a popularity of the best kind, as it will be derived from the lasting pleasure with which works of fiction are read, when they present close drawn pictures of human life and character, but such as we may look on without disgust.

#### SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS.

*Solitary Walks through many Lands.* By Derwent Conway, author of *Tales of Ardenne*, &c. &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

SINCE the publication of Mathews' 'Diary of an Invalid,' we have met with no book of travelling sketches with which we have been more pleased, than the one before us. It combines all the raciness of that justly popular author, with a quiet gentleness of taste, which his work is in a great degree deficient in. There are no highly wrought scenes, no epigrammatic querulousness throughout its pages; but it is all pleasing and always interesting. The author evidently writes, not for display to others, but for self-satisfaction; and, in every line we find ample evidence of his consciousness of his own powers, and his confidence in the abundance of his matter and resources. He has at once the eye of a quick observer, and the pen of a ready writer; and the graphic character of his sketches is only equalled by their diversity of scenery, and the richness of incident which he introduces. His travels extend over almost every quarter of Europe, with the exception of its extreme eastern and western boundaries; and Hungary and England, France, Italy,

and Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, and the Mediterranean, have in turn supplied materials for his prolific pencil. Our first extract shall be a tale from the first of these, descriptive of a race not yet introduced to the English reader, namely, the jewel-hunters of the Carpathian Alps.

#### 'Life and Adventures of a Jewel-hunter.'

'I was about fourteen years old, when my father carried me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at Michlinitz. The size of the town, the magnificence of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty and beauty of the wares, surprised and delighted me; but nothing enchanted me so much as the model of the citadel in salt, which, according to the usual custom, was placed in the great square, upon a pedestal of marble.

'As we walked along one side of the square, looking for the shop of a merchant from whom my father wished to purchase some stones, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance; and, as we came nearer, it proved to be the shop of the identical merchant whom my father sought. So great was the crowd, that we were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the door; and, as my father pushed forward, anxious to despatch his business, "What now?" said a fellow in the throng, "softly, if you please; do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?" "What opal is it," said my father, addressing a man who stood beside him, "that excites so much curiosity?" "Have you not heard," replied the man, "of that wonderful opal, that Schmidt the jewel-hunter found in the mountains, and which has just been bought for the king, at the price of 100,000 florins?" My father was now as anxious to see the opal as any body else; and, when he had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant took my father and myself into a back room, carrying the opal along with him, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly; telling the crowd that besieged the door, that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

'My father and the merchant immediately began to make their bargains, leaving the examination of the opal until their business should be concluded, while I all the while kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it, and admiring it, and thinking of its extraordinary value. I was entirely ignorant of the worth of jewels, and, although my father was a lapidary, scarcely could distinguish between one stone and another; for my mother having resolved that I should follow the profession of the law, I had been put to school at an early age, and was, therefore, more an adept at my books, than a judge of precious stones. I knew, however, that the stone I held in my hand had been purchased by the king for 100,000 florins,—and, as one florin even seemed to me an inexhaustible sum, 100,000 florins might well baffle my utmost powers of conception. At length the merchant and my father, having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, and discoursed in the most extravagant terms of its extraordinary beauty and value, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. As we passed from the merchant's house through the square, I importuned my father to show me the exhibition of an Armenian juggler; but he refused me, saying it would cost half a florin. Half a florin, thought I—only half a florin; and this jewel-hunter has found a gem worth 100,000! All the way from Cracow to Michlinitz, I was occupied with these thoughts, and every minute was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colours of the opal reflected from some sun-gilt cliff.

'A few days after my father returned home, he fell sick; and, notwithstanding the advantage of an excellent constitution, and all the care of my mother, and the medicines of the physician, he sunk under the disease, and died at the end of eight days, leaving his family but slenderly provided, and me, his only son, with his wits for patrimony, and the world, the sphere in which they were to be exercised.

'It was now out of the question to think of breeding me for the law; I must be apprenticed to some trade; and, my head being still full of the opal, I petitioned to be placed under the care of a lapidary. My mother consented,—and I accordingly took up my abode in a garret, in which there were abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal and the 100,000 florins was. I

anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. An indistinct dream of kingly wealth, and embryo projects of acquiring it, floated in my brain. The window of my garret looked into the country, the long chain of the Carpathian mountains bounding the prospect; and, in place of polishing stones and learning my business, I used to spend at least every alternate half-hour standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his 100,000 florins; and, as I took my seat again, saying to myself, aloud, "I see no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, may not find an opal."

'During all this time, I never communicated my thoughts to my mother; I told her, indeed, at times, that one day or other I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood, that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire independence.

'About three years passed away, thus; and, at the end of that time, I requested leave from my master to go and see an uncle, who lived at Dunavitz, and who was a breeder of cattle. My uncle, however, was but a secondary consideration in my mind; I determined to make this journey subservient to my first trial of fortune; and, accordingly, provided myself secretly with a hammer, and with such other tools as I thought might be useful. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also my aunt and cousins; and, when I told them I had been apprenticed three years to a lapidary, and had already acquired considerable skill in stones, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practice my knowledge among the mountains, (which falsehoods, God, I trust, will forgive me,) I was liberally supplied with every thing requisite; a sack was filled with eatables, and I was furnished with tinder, and a knife to cut krumholz, and many other little necessities and comforts; and with the good wishes of all the family, and injunctions to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

'Nothing could be more buoyant than my spirits were, as I began to ascend the inclined plane, that led to the foot of the mountains. I felt as if all the riches they contained, were one day or other to be my own. This was the very peak I had seen so often from my garret window; this was the very chain among which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth 100,000 florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains, worth ten times as much. With these pleasant fancies, I at length reached the mouth of a narrow valley, that seemed to me the entrance to the abodes of Plutus. I soon fell to work, making the valley re-echo with the blows with which I belaboured the rocks, and continued my exertions without finding any thing that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. This was rather disheartening; but I consoled myself by coming to the conclusion, that I had not yet penetrated far enough into the mountain. It was not so pleasant to sleep upon the mountain-side as even in my garret; but this was an inconvenience that I knew must be submitted to, and I felt persuaded that next day my labours would turn to more account.

'I awoke at least two hours before day-break, and longed for the light with as much impatience as if I needed light only, to show me the path to exhaustless treasures. Long before the highest mountain peaks were tipped with the sunbeams, I was making my way over rocks and torrents, hastening to a more distant ravine, not a bit daunted by the unsuccessful labours of the day before, but, on the contrary, with the fullest expectations, if not of an opal as good as Schmidt's, of at least something sufficient to verify my predictions of good fortune. This day I half filled my sack; not, indeed, with opals, but with stones and ores, which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labour. Schmidt, thought I, did not find his opal the first time he went among the mountains; I must not be too hasty in my ambition. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arrived, at the close of the third in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. Great congratulations followed the display of my riches. "This," said I, "is garnet, this is lapis lazuli, this is gold ore; but I have found no opal yet." "All in good time," said my uncle, "and how much is all this worth?" "Certainly, not less," said I, "than three hundred florins?" My uncle looked somewhat incredulous; my aunt said something about the small profits of cattle-breeding, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all females, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.



'Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures, of course, along with me; but, knowing very well that more than one-half of them were worthless, and that I had exaggerated their value to my uncle, I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and, after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, making myself sure that what I had reserved was worth a hundred and fifty florins, at least. I went to my master's house, before presenting myself at home, and found him at work. "I have brought something with me," said I, emptying the sack upon the ground, and laying a handful upon the table at which he was working; he took up one, and then another, without saying any thing, for he was a man of few words, and slightly glancing at them, threw them into a corner, which he made the receptacle for rubbish. One handful after another I laid upon the table, and each specimen was in its turn consigned to the corner; the last handful was produced, and in it there was one specimen, upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded, and upon which I had made some marks, when I displayed my riches to my uncle. He looked more narrowly at this specimen than he had at the others, but ended by throwing it where he had thrown the rest, and saying, "All rubbish, my boy, so get to your business." My hopes, then, were at an end; and the three hours that intervened between and bed-time, were the most unhappy hours of my life.

'As I lay in bed, sleepless, ruminating upon the failure of all my brilliant expectations, it suddenly occurred to me, that possibly my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked, might be judged differently of by some other lapidary; and getting up, I crept softly down stairs into my master's workshop, and lighted a small lamp at the expiring embers of a fire, which he had been using in some of his operations. I then began to search among the rubbish for the stone which was marked, but I could no where find it; one after another, I held them to the lamp, and repeated over and over again the same tedious examination, till at length, weary of my unsuccessful labour, I sat down upon the chair before my master's table, which was strewn with the instruments he had used in polishing a beautiful jacinth, that lay with the polished side towards me. I took it up; it was the very stone I had been seeking for. My plan was speedily arranged: I seized upon the stone, stole back to my chamber, dressed myself as quickly as I could, and, although it was not much after midnight, took the road to Cracow; leaving a line for my master, informing him, that, having discovered him to be a thief, I had left his service, and had taken with me my own jewel, which my uncle could prove to be mine, by a mark which I had made upon it. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel; the same merchant whom I had visited along with my father, gave me a hundred florins for it, and congratulated me upon having begun my career so favourably; and next day I returned home with a present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

'There was now no question as to my future trade; my first attempt had met with more success than any one, excepting myself, anticipated; and although I had not yet found an opal, I had no great cause to be dissatisfied, and looked upon the acquisition of riches, as the easiest thing imaginable.

'The money that my jacinth fetched, served to equip me for my next expedition. I left forty florins at home, and set out for Kostalesko, on my nineteenth birth-day, with the blessings of a mother and the good wishes of three sisters; all of whom I promised to portion handsomely, as soon as I had found an opal worth but 20,000 florins. All three looked upon their portions as already secured, and, as I walked out of Michlinitz, I did not forget to cast my eye upon the fields on either side, in the view of making up my mind as to the most eligible site for building a house upon, with the produce of my labours.

'The first day on which I set out upon my travels, and when just entering the mountains, I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments, and squalid faces, denoted the extreme poverty and wretchedness. I fell into conversation with them, and learned that they were gold-hunters. "Why," said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?" secretly pleased, however, that I had not found rivals in my own occupation. They only smiled at me, and I, in my turn, pitted the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of buying a castle and rearing horses, as Schmidt had done.

'Almost every day during a year, I spent less or more of it among the mountains; sometimes my labours were rewarded, but oftener I found nothing worth so

much as a few groshen; yet never during all this time did my hopes diminish, nor did my continued toil become in the smallest degree irksome. Every morning, I sprang from my bed full of eager anticipation, and every night, longed for the morning, that I might recommence my search; days of unrewarded toil, I looked upon only as procrastinations of my good fortune; each rising sun brought new expectation along with it, and if one blow of the hammer did not loose an opal from the rock, I thought a second night.

'At length, one day, at the expiration of nearly a year from the day I left home, a stone dropt into my hand, that had all the distinguishing marks of a valuable opal. I eagerly proceeded to polish a part, and the varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye. Now then, said I to myself, the day of my reward has arrived. The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back-shop at Cracow,—the look of which I yet remembered so distinctly; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than 50,000 florins.

As I bent my steps homewards, I employed myself in that most agreeable of all occupations, planning, the distribution and assortment of riches, which I felt assured were on the eve of being mine. The close of the third day brought me to the threshold of my own door; and I was welcomed with those true greetings, which a son, after long absence, may expect to find from a mother's love. My countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret; and the opal was drawn from its hiding place with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle. I determined to lose little time in realising my expectations. The next week the great Cracow fair would take place, and thither I of course determined to go.

It was soon settled what was to be done with the 50,000 florins. I had promised to portion my sisters; each of them, accordingly, should have two thousand, which would make them the richest heiresses in Michlinitz; I would give four thousand to my mother: and "as for the remaining 40,000," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a barony somewhere in the Palatinate."

'These things being all determined upon, I left home for the capital\*, early on the morning of the day of the great fair, with my opal in a leather bag, which was suspended round my neck by a copper chain. I overtook, and passed a great many persons on the road; for I was mounted upon a good horse, which I had bought with the remnant of the hundred florins I had made by my jacinth; "but which among them all," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth 50,000 florins!"

'Before mid-day, I arrived at the capital, and, having put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts, walked towards the great square, by the same streets I had traversed with my father five years ago. What changes had taken place since then; and to what extraordinary results had the impressions which were made upon my mind at that time led! Happy fortune, thought I, that carried my father to Cracow; had he never gone thither, I should never have seen the wonderful opal, or even so much as heard of a jewel-hunter, and never should have been walking, as now, to the great fair, with a jewel in my possession worth 50,000 florins!

'I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the merchant with whom I had formerly dealt; but, before finally disposing of my treasure, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it: I was anxious, in short, that as great a noise should be made about my opal as about that which Schmidt sold to the king. I walked accordingly through the great square, seeking an opportunity of making my good fortune known, and of buzzing about the rarity and value of my possession.

'As I went onward, looking to the right hand and to the left, my attention was fixed by the extraordinary richness and variety of a display of wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables, placed beneath an awning, behind which an Eastern merchant sat smoking. Every species of costly and rare merchandise lay upon the tables. The richest stuffs, brocades, silks, and gold tissues from Persia,—the most valuable spices and perfumes from India and Arabia,—Damascus sabres, the hilts inlaid with gold and ivory, and studded with precious stones,—the rarest gums of Africa and of Guyana,—temples and pagodas, curiously carved in ivory, and the most precious woods,—the

\* This was in the year 1750, when, Poland was a kingdom, and Cracow its capital.

most excellent specimens of Mosaic,—cameos and intaglios, of the most valuable materials and the most exquisite workmanship,—all swelled the riches of the Eastern merchant's bazaar. But rich and valuable as were these commodities, the contents of one other table eclipsed them all: it was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles, and pyramids; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topaz, of all sizes, and of the finest colours, glittered in the sunshine, and dazzled and delighted the eye. But among them I saw no opal. "Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; upon your tables are concentrated the riches of all the cities of the East; every country in the world has laid its tribute before you; and yet," added I, "there seems one thing a-wanting." "What," said he, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you desire to see added?" "I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones, two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but for the pearl I would substitute an opal." "I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "but to my mind the pearl brings the pyramid to a better point; there is not a jewel, young man, that ever came out of the bowels of the earth, that I have not in my possession: and I will venture the worth of this pyramid, that I can show a better stone of every kind than any other merchant now in Cracow:—ay! in Poland, ay! in Europe," added he, glancing triumphantly at his tables, and then resuming his pipe. I thought within myself, "he has no opal, he is too proud of his jewels to submit to the suspicion of not having one, were it in his power to prevent it;" and I immediately replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake, but I will venture the value of a jewel, which I will produce to you, that you will not match it." "Name its value," said the merchant, as unconcerned as before, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side, and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains, shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide, whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours." This I thought was extremely fair, or rather more than fair; for it put it in my power to stake against my jewel something double its value. I did not, however, profit by this advantage, but selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about 50,000 florins, and laid it upon one side. There was now collected around the table a considerable number of persons, attracted at first by the wares, and now interested in the conversation they had overheard, and all anxiously waiting the result of so considerable a wager. I had thus obtained precisely what I desired—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem; to say nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and which I already considered as my own. I now pulled the chain over my head, and, opening the leather purse, drew forth my opal, and laid it upon the table, opposite to the diamond. "A fine opal, indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe, and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of the pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well. Gracious God! what were my feelings at that moment?—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accursed folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately returned the pipe into his mouth; took up my opal, and, displacing the pearl, crowned the pyramid with the opal. "Now," said he, "you will admit, that the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal into the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

'I turned away in the deepest dejection; but the expressions of pity from the bystanders, so different from those with which I had expected to be greeted, wounded me more even than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without communicating to him what had happened. The circumstance, however, soon got wind; it was soon buzzed about every where, that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haranzabad; and I had the mortification of seeing myself pointed at as this ignorant youth. "How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake any opal against Haranzabad's?—had you come to me first, you would have learnt what every body knows, that the king

pledged his opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it openly at the fair."

"I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and, in place of turning homeward with 50,000 florins in my purse, I had but 200, partly the price of my horse, and partly the balance of a debt, which the lapidary was owing to my father. How different were my feelings on my road homeward, from what they would have been, had I been returning to the realisation of my projects! My sisters' portions, my mother's provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected barony, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly. I was still a jewel-hunter, and had still my fortune to make; yet, wonderful as it may appear, at this very moment, when my hopes were newly crushed, they began to rise again; new dreams of riches, and even projects of their appropriation, occupied my mind, and almost excluded the recollection of my misfortune; and the very hour that witnessed the destruction of all my expectations, and the futility of my toils, saw also born within me, a steadier determination than ever to renew them, and as firm a persuasion, that they would yet be rewarded."

"Providence, however, has not yet thought fit to crown my hopes; but I have lived happily notwithstanding. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal, but I have always been cheered on by expectation; my toil has never been rewarded by independence, but it has brought me food and raiment, and left me something to wish for; I have never entered Cracow again, with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of 50,000 florins, but neither have I ever quitted it with the painful reflection, that I have lost the fruit of a year's labour, and of many years' hope; I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she is long ago beyond the need of it; no barony to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses. Old age steals fast upon me, and so would it, if I had possessed riches; death has no greater terrors for the poor than for the rich man, nor has he so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere, because, when I am gone, they expect no equivalent; yet had I even now youth and vigour, I would still pursue the occupation, which I trust my children will never desert, for one day or other their labours will be rewarded. Schmidt has not found the first opal, nor myself the last; and riches may be enjoyed by him who knows how to use them. Go on, then, my children; do not shrink from toils which your father has borne, nor despair of the success which he once achieved, and of which the inexperience of youth only robbed him of the reward."—Vol. I. pp. 27—47.

This little tale is at once attractive and characteristic, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract another such from the many which abound in the work; but the following scene, in a different strain, is equally good. The author arrives in St. Hubert, a town of the Netherlands, on the borders of France, not much frequented; here his sudden appearance creates no ordinary sensation, and his interview with the local authorities we give in his own words.

*'Speculations of the good People of St. Hubert: and a Dialogue between the Author and the King's Attorney-General.'*

"Were I to tell truly all the wonderment which my arrival at St. Hubert occasioned there, and not there only, but throughout all the province, my veracity would certainly be doubted. I am convinced that the arrival of the king of Tombuctoo and all his court in London, would not create half the sensation that mine did at St. Hubert. "Who is he?" "What is he?" "Is he an *Anglais*?" "Is he a true, genuine, veritable *Anglais*?" "Is he an *Ecosais*?" "He is not an *Ecosais*, for he wears breeches." There was evidently a stagnation in all the ordinary employments; the shop-keepers leant upon their counters, and conversed in whispers with their customers; the letters were an hour later in being delivered than usual; for Madame the post-mistress, immediately upon learning the intelligence, put on her cloak and bonnet, and went to take tea with Madame the wife of the lieutenant of police. At each of the three inns, more Moselle and brandy were drunk than had been known since the keeper of the head inn ran off with the burgomestre's wife; the judges broke up the court earlier than usual, and adjourned, together with the principal law officers,

to the Wheat Sheaf, where they drank, each man, his bottle and a half of Burgundy,—and in the evening, the burgomestre saw a select party of the municipal and law authorities, where the affair was fully discussed, and it was determined, in consequence, that the *Procureur du Roi* (the Attorney-general of Luxembourg) should send for the stranger to interrogate him. An express, too, was sent to the Governor of Luxembourg, to apprise him of the event. All this is not, however, so extraordinary; for, certain it is, that no one at St. Hubert had ever seen an Englishman. I was standing in the inn, the third day after my arrival, while the girl was laying the cloth for dinner—she suddenly stopped her work, and addressing me, said, "Mais, Monsieur, êtes-vous vraiment un *Anglais*?" and upon my assuring her that I was, she continued to look at me for some moments as I should look at an inhabitant of *Terra del Fuogo*. The result of the consultation at the house of the burgomestre was, that the *Procureur du Roi* should send for me; and accordingly, the intelligence that this great man desired to see me, was communicated to me next morning by the hotel-keeper, who could not conceal his alarm at having harboured in his house one who had attracted the notice of the law authorities. I, of course, obeyed the summons, and found the King's advocate in a small room, full of papers and books. A police officer in uniform was in the passage, and the gentleman himself was seated in a large arm-chair, when I was ushered in. He rose, and bowed, and sat down; I bowed and sat down also. "Pray, sir," said he, "what is your object in visiting St. Hubert?" "Curiosity; a desire to see it," I replied. "Are you not in commerce?" demanded he. "No." "Nothing else than curiosity brings you here?" "Nothing else." "You don't meddle in politics?" "No, unless having my opinions, as all my countrymen have, be called meddling in politics." "Your opinions, such as they are, are favourable to the Government, I suppose?" "So long," I replied, "as my actions are those of a peaceable citizen, no one has a right to interrogate me as to my opinions." "It is strange," said he, "that you should come to a place so much out of the way (*hors du monde*), as St. Hubert; you must have an object." "I have already told you, my object is curiosity." "You have a *passport*, of course?" "If I had had a *passport*," said I, "I should not have submitted to be questioned so inquisitorially." "What," said he, "no *passport*?" "None," said I. "Where is it?" demanded he. "You must have had one on leaving your own country." "In my own country," said I, "no one requires a *passport*, either to travel within it, or to go out of it; we have a good Government, and therefore it fears neither traitors nor spies." "But had you not a *passport* from France?" said he. "Yes," said I, "but I came from Paris with a friend; both names were contained in the same *passport*; he has remained at Luxembourg, and is going back to Paris, and, therefore, requires a *passport*,"—and I have here a certificate from the commissary of police, by which you will see, that I had a *passport* from Paris, and that I have conducted myself unexceptionably (*comme bon citoyen*) since coming into your country.—I thought," added I, "that this strictness had been confined to the Governments of the Holy Alliance, and to France; and of all the people in the world, the English, I think, ought to meet with countenance and protection in your country, for reasons which I need not inform you of."

"I now got up, saying, that I supposed I was not further wanted,—but my gentleman was irritated. "I have no power," said he, "to countenance any stranger without a *passport*; I must report the circumstance." "The fault, Sir," said I, "lies in the regulations of your own Government: your ambassador at Paris signed my *passport* in which were two names, thus giving us leave to travel into the Netherlands; at Luxembourg, your commissary would not divide the *passport*, giving me one to proceed, and my friend another to go back; so that by your regulations, if two persons set out upon a journey, they must never separate, until they return to where they departed from." To this he replied nothing; but took out of his desk a sheet of paper officially marked, upon which he wrote certain heads, and then gave it to me to fill up. The following are its contents, as nearly as I can recollect.

*'Query. Name?'*

*'Answer. So and so.'*

*'Q. Profession?'*

*'A. None.'*

*'Q. Means of living?'*

*'A. Mon argent et mon esprit.'*

*'Q. Political opinions?'*

*'A. Attached to every Government that merits respect.'*

*'Q. Object in visiting Ardennes?'*

*'A. Curiosity.'*

*'Q. Time of your departure?'*

*'A. When curiosity is satisfied.'*

*'Q. Your destination when you leave it?'*

*'A. Uncertain.'*

*'Q. Occupation while here?'*

*'A. Walking—writing—reading—observing—eating—drinking—hunting.'*

*'Q. Persons in the Netherlands who know you?'*

*'A. Nobody.'*

*'And this,' said he, "is your account of yourself?"*

*"This," said I, "is my reply to your questions."*

*"When I receive an answer," said he, "I shall send for you again." "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter bien bon jour." "Monsieur," said he, and bowed, and I walked out.*

All this absurd proceeding, I attributed at the time to the ignorance and littleness of those concerned in it. I have since found, however, that the Government of the Netherlands differs from those of the league, only in the less power which it possesses.—Vol. ii. pp. 56-62.

This is really rich and rare, and we can safely assure our readers, that they will find many such throughout the work.

For our own part, we have read it with infinite pleasure, and have only to regret that the author has been so very sparing of his delineations. There are few of his scenes which might not have been made much more of than has been done; and we feel, throughout the entire perusal of his '*Solitary Walks*,' that he might have given us a ten times greater number of reminiscences, had he chosen to take the trouble.

*Synoptical Tables of German Grammar. By W. K. Klattowsky. Two Tables, 5s. Treuttel and Wurtz. London, 1828.*

Of the utility of Synoptical tables of grammatical elements, there can be no doubt. In the first place they give, in a short compass and at one view, that which is generally spread over a great number of pages; and, in the next, they are admirably adapted, by being fixed to the walls of a study, to save many an odd quarter of an hour, for which no regular occupation, perhaps, could be found. The tables which are now presented to the public by Mr. Klattowsky, appear to contain all that a tyro in the German language can require for his first studies; they are, moreover, very neatly executed, and cannot fail of being generally useful.

*Cameleon Sketches. By the Author of a Picturesque Promenade round Dorking. pp. 251. 7s. Printed for the Author. London, 1828.*

This is an interesting little volume. The lucubrations of a sentimentalist are only tiresome when mixed with affection and false feeling, and of these there is little or none in the '*Cameleon Sketches*.' The solitary thoughts of a thinking and amiable man, either amid the laughing scenes of a country landscape, or in the streets of a metropolis, are worth tracing. They take their rise in the universal sympathies of humanity, and, in clothing themselves with the bright or sombre shadows of the hour, become familiarised as part of our own remembrances. We can recommend '*Cameleon Sketches*' to the attention of our readers, as affording some exceedingly pleasant reading of the kind we have mentioned, and we hope to see it obtain the notice it deserves.

*Stories from the History of Scotland. By the Rev Alexander Stewart. pp. 189. 2s. 6d. Oliver and Boyd. London, 1828.*

This is a very amusing and instructive little book for a juvenile present. The stories in it are well chosen, and abridged with care. It deserves to be preferred to scores of other works intended to awaken a love of reading in the young scholar, and furnish him with materials for thinking. We recommend it to persons engaged in tuition, as a very useful little volume.

M. M. SAINT GEORGE ET SIMONIN.

'*Le Grand Diné*' is the production of these gentlemen, and has just been produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville with complete success. The plot consists of a dinner given by a poor devil of a clerk in a public office, to his superior, with as little of beneficial result to himself as Wilnot Horton's '*Report on Emigration*' to his country; but it, (the Vaudeville,) exhibits some talent, and was well received.

Narrative in August and Co.

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## ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, in August last. By J. Auldjo, Esq. 4to. Longman and Co. London, 1828.—(Unpublished.)*

We have had the good fortune to receive a portion of the forthcoming work of Mr. Auldjo, containing a part of his description of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc; and we present it to our readers, as an interesting specimen of the intended publication.

'At last we attained the Grand Plateau, the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain, having the base of Mont Blanc on the further side, the Dôme du Gouté on the right, a precipice of ice and snow, with the Rochers Rouges, and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, on the left. The view from this situation is very fine: these mountains, all rising directly from the plain, have a most striking appearance: some large crevices intersect it, and others extend immediately under Mont Blanc, where the guides were lost in 1820. There is also a great accumulation of broken ice and snow from avalanches, on the part close to Mont Blanc and the Dôme.

The sun was shining on some parts of the plateau, but far from us. As we felt the cold bitterly, we agreed to stop at the commencement of the plain, in a crevice of from fifteen to twenty feet in width. In it we found a bridge, which, on examination, was considered strong enough to bear the whole party at once, and, being down in the chasm, it would shelter us from the north wind, which had blown strongly the whole morning, and now cut us most acutely on our elevated situation. We therefore chose this bridge to breakfast upon. It was past seven, and we had been walking for more than four hours and a half, without any rest but the wearying and tedious halting which I have described. It was with pleasure that I found all anxious to stop in this comfortable crevice; comfortable, compared with our previous exposure to the wind, but still very cold.

While breakfast was preparing, I could not resist the temptation of wandering along the edge of the crevice, on the Plateau side. The depth of it was immense, its great breadth affording me an opportunity of making, in the literal sense of the phrase, a more profound examination than before. The deep bluish-green layers of ice, now varying into others more or less so, and sometimes nearly white, were shown to great advantage, with thousands of long clear icicles hanging from all the little breaks in the strata. Immediately to the right of our bridge, I found that the opposite side of the crevice formed an obtuse angle, from which a wall of ice passed along the side of the hill which we had just ascended. The side I was standing on joined an immense wall, or precipice, which crossed the remainder of the space between the angle thus formed and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, forming a barrier to that part of the Plateau. Under our bridge I could see, and the manner in which it hung suspended, with all the guides sitting on it, was a beautiful and curious sight. It thrilled through my body. My blood curdled at the thought, that, in one moment, without a chance of escape, they might be all precipitated into eternity. Yet no such idea ever entered the imagination of the thoughtless but brave guides, who sat singing, laughing, and eating as hearty a meal as if each was safely at home by his own fireside, either unconscious or regardless of the danger of their present situation.

'The cold, as I have said, was excessive. I placed my thermometer against a baton, about two feet from the snow on the bridge, and the point at which the mercury rested was 18½ degrees Fahrenheit, or 6—0 Reaumur, at twenty minutes after seven, A.M. The rarity of the air had not affected any of us, for the chickens were produced for breakfast, though frozen, were soon disposed of, as well as some cheese\*, which was particularly relished. The negus made by Coutet the night before was pronounced to be real nectar. Besides, it had the advantage of being iced,

crystals passing through it in a variety of directions while it was in the bottle, but on being poured out a film formed instantly upon it. The time allotted for our repast was very agreeably passed, not one of the party regretting his having engaged in this expedition, and all desirous of proceeding; therefore the meal was no sooner finished than we prepared to depart, leaving most of the provisions and all the knapsacks which we had brought there but one: this contained bottles of negus, a mixture of vinegar, wine, and water, boiled with spices and a great deal of sugar, (a capital beverage for such an expedition,) lemonade, and one chicken, in case any of us should feel disposed to eat when on the summit.

'We traversed the Plateau, winding towards the left, or Mont Blanc du Tacul, leaving the old route, which led right across the plain, and ascended the steep masses of snow and ice which hang on this side of the Mont Blanc, so delicately and dangerously poised, that the slightest noise, or concussion of the air, even that proceeding from speaking, moves them from their situation, and they fall, rushing down the declivities with overwhelming velocity, widening as they proceed, till at last they extend from one side of the mountain to the other, and cover the plain below with debris. It was one of those avalanches, or slips of snow, which, in this very spot, involved and buried under its mass, in the deep crevice, the three unfortunate men who were lost in the expedition formed by Dr. Hamel.

'At last the sun shone forth with animating heat, and welcome was it to us, for our pace was too steady and slow to give us an opportunity of keeping ourselves warm by exercise. Cold and shivering as we were, we could hardly bear the fatigue we had now to encounter, or undertake to pass the dangerous point which we found in the direction of our march, and which must be got over, though it was some consolation that it was known to be the last trial we were to undergo, after it there being only two enemies to contend with—the rarified air, or the fatigue arising from climbing the almost perpendicular ascent which leads directly to the summit.

'The approach to this last danger was from the Plateau, descending into a broken crevice, and thence ascending a cliff of snow, exceedingly steep, which brought us to a wall of ice some feet in height, having scaled which, we found a declivity of snow, inclining towards a precipice at an angle of 70°. Along the edge of this precipice we had to walk for some minutes, and then in zig-zag to ascend the hill until we came to a plain. This was a difficult thing to accomplish, and to keep a footing in the awkward position in which we were obliged to move, supporting ourselves with the right hand buried in the snow, which was beginning to soften, to keep our bodies up; then the steps being cut, and soon worn by those who trod in them first, made it a hazardous enterprise to move forward, and to retreat was impossible. No accident did occur, and I thought it quite miraculous.

'Our success now was quite certain, and we congratulated each other on this happy circumstance, which inspired each member of the party with fresh animation and spirit.

'While engaged in passing this last difficulty, our attention was arrested by a loud noise, or hissing sound, which the guides knew to proceed from some vast body of ice and snow falling in avalanche. It lasted some moments, and finished by a report which must have been caused by the precipitation of some immense mass upon a rock or plain. In an instant the stillness which had been disturbed resumed its reign. A great avalanche had fallen. The guides decided that it was upon the Italian side of the mountain, but were mistaken, as was afterwards discovered.

'A plain of snow which presented no difficulty allowed us to proceed with great comfort, and to quicken our pace. For some minutes we passed along the base of the rocks called Rochers Rouges, and came to an ascent of snow leading to their summit. It was here that I first felt any effect from the rarity of the air; for soon after I began to ascend there was an oppression on the chest, a difficulty of breathing; a quickness of pulsation soon followed, with a great inclination to thirst, and a fulness in the veins of the head; but still I experienced no headache, nor was there the slightest symptom of hemorrhage. Most of the guides were affected in the same way.

'At nine o'clock we were on the last point of the Rochers Rouges, and came again into the old line of ascent, which we had quitted on the Grand Plateau, the first deviation from which had been made by Messrs. Hawes and Fellows, on the 25th July last. These gentlemen pursued the route which I followed.

'I felt a little exhausted, and was greatly disappointed on finding that the lemonade, the best thing that could be used for refreshing our weakened powers, had been lost by the breaking of the bottles. I was obliged to proceed without relief, being afraid to attack the negus, for the guides must have shared it, and we might find the want of it when we had got higher up, and where the increase of fatigue, and the rarity of air, would render it much more necessary to us than at present, every few paces that we ascended the oppression and suffering becoming greater.

'We crossed a plain of snow which rose gently from the Rochers Rouges; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time: it was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way; a little further another was found, over which we managed to pass by placing the batons on it, and being drawn over on our backs. Two or three managed to cross on another, using great care, and joined us; but, when we had proceeded up the acclivity before us some little distance, we were surprised by a shrill scream, and on turning beheld Jean Marie Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and, coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course, but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre he sunk up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction only by stretching out his arms, his baton, by mere chance, coming obliquely on the bridge, otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the crevice would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when we were so near its happy conclusion.' Pp.33—40.

## MACREADY'S MACBETH IN PARIS.

AMONG the good effects of the active literary intercourse which now seems established between Great Britain and the Continent, we hope may be reckoned its tendency to counteract that disposition to depreciate foreign merit, which unfortunately prevails, more or less, in all countries, and certainly not in the least degree in our own. The drama is the branch of literature with respect to which this disposition has most decidedly, and, we think, most unreasonably, displayed itself; more particularly in the questions raised between ourselves and our nearest neighbours across the Channel. They accuse us of disregarding all rules, though the early drama of other countries is equally irregular; and we prefer against them the charge of a slavish imitation of ancient models,—though a people a little more remote from us, namely, the Italians, have been still more remarkable for instances of a strict adherence to the forms of Greek tragedy. Vicinage seems, therefore, to have exasperated the disputants, as if it were thought patriotic to condemn the understanding as well as the prowess of one's rivals.

We wish we could say that this spirit had been confined to the vulgar panders to national hostility; but, unfortunately, it must be confessed, that it has insinuated itself into some superior minds, and has made genius and learning its instruments. Flippant observations and rash judgments, on the drama of each country, disfigure the literature of both. Perhaps, in this contest, we have not been the least culpable; for, though Voltaire is much complained of on our side, yet Voltaire was not so ignorant of English literature as some of our Aristarchuses have shown themselves to be of French. Besides, if Voltaire censured inconsiderately at one part of his life, he compensated by sounder criticism at another, when increased knowledge, and more mature judgment, gave weight to his opinion. Thirty years after he had called Shakspeare *un saltinbanque* and *un sauvage pris de vin*, he acknowledged him to be *un génie sublime,—le peintre de la nature et de la vérité*.

Precipitate opinions on foreign literature, as well as on other matters, are much more common than the subsequent correction of error, on better information. With respect to the drama, though the subject has been treated by men of profound learning, we venture to say, that one essential means of judging has generally been wanting. Setting aside the question of the unities, it is obvious that it must be extremely difficult, (perhaps it would not be too much to say impossible,)

\* M. De Saussure states, that at the Rochers Rouges the bread and provisions were completely frozen. However, the thermometer had not been below three degrees under the freezing point, and these provisions, shut up and covered in a basket, and carried on a man's back, ought to have been preserved from cold by the heat of his body. "I am persuaded," he continues, "that in the plain, at the same temperature, these aliments would not have been frozen, and very likely the thermometer enclosed in the basket would not have descended to zero; but, in this rarified and constantly-renewed air, bodies impregnated with water experience a very great and rapid evaporation, and thus become cold much sooner than the dry bulb of a thermometer."

for a person who possesses only a literary knowledge of a language, to feel the text of a dramatic composition in the same manner as a native of the country in which that language is indigenous. Sentiments and ideas which delight us, when happily expressed in the ever-pleasing accents of a mother-tongue, will often appear degraded by a perfectly correct translation into another language. But if English literature has sometimes suffered from the undignified or imperfect dress in which foreigners have clothed it, we have not been much behind them in similar travesties. We recollect an instance wherein an eminent English critic has represented Racine, as making Ulysses say, in reference to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, 'I am ready to cry.' Now this, through a strictly correct translation of the original words, 'Je suis prêt de pleurer,' is by no means 'an air one in a tragic sense. But substitute, 'I almost weep,' or, 'I can scarce refrain from tears,' and that which strikes us as low and ridiculous in the critic's version disappears.

We are glad, however, to find that the interchange of dramatic representations of French in London, and English in Paris, seems to be equally encouraged in both countries. Nothing could be better calculated to improve the spirit of criticism, to teach the two nations to appreciate each other justly, and to diminish, if not entirely remove, many prejudices which ignorance has fostered on both sides. That this has, in some degree, already been effected, appears from some candid criticism which we have, within these few days, observed in the Paris journals, on the appearance of Macready on the stage of the *Salle Favart*, and which has led to these observations.

A writer in the *Journal des Débats* thus describes Macready, and comments on his first appearance. 'Macready is, take him all in all, a fine actor. He is of tall stature, and his strongly marked muscles indicate that degree of physical strength which is suitable to a tragedian, and above all to a representative of Shakespeare's characters. His countenance, though not regularly handsome, possesses great power of expression. His voice, though not of that character best suited to the expression of tragical sentiments, is nevertheless clear and distinct; and Macready frequently contrives, by broken—by half-articulated words, uttered in an under tone, to produce the most overpowering effect on the feelings of his audience. It cannot be denied that this actor possesses both intelligence and energy; but so difficult is the character of *Macbeth*, that he does not fulfil the idea formed of it by an impartial reader of Shakespeare. The character presents a multitude of delicate shades which seemed to escape the actor, who, in the presence of a French audience, probably felt himself sometimes under restraint, and sometimes at liberty to use freedoms, upon which he would not otherwise have ventured.'

In spite of the extravagant praises which our gallant neighbours have hitherto lavished on Miss Smithson, they are compelled to acknowledge, that the character of Lady Macbeth, which has been assigned to her, is somewhat *au dessus de sa force*.

The French, who are always reluctant to admit of the appearance of ghosts in tragedy, complain, that, in the representation of 'Macbeth,' few pains were taken to reconcile them to what they style the *Phantasmagorie Britannique*. One critic, who seems to have expected, even in a stage ghost, something like the shadowy effect which Ketch has given to the buried Majesty of Denmark, complains, that the figure of Banquo, instead of rising spectre-like from the earth, advances from the side scenes, *tout aussi bien portant, aussi gras et aussi proprement habillé*, as ever he was in his life time,—and the ghost was, moreover, so very *artistement coiffée*, that the question

'Why dost thou shake thy gory locks at me?'

was perfectly unintelligible.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that though the writers in the French Journals fall into mistakes respecting our literature, which are pardonable in foreigners, yet their criticism is candid, and proves that a certain knowledge of the English drama is more common in France than it has hitherto been supposed to be.

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

*Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, with historical and descriptive accounts of each edifice. By J. Britton, F. S. A., &c., and A. Pugin, architect. 2 vols. 8vo., 143 plates. London, 1828.*

SUCH a work as the present, had long been a desideratum, both as illustrative of the edifices of the British metropolis, and as one affording,

in a convenient form, and at a very moderate price, a series of architectural designs in various styles, and for various purposes. Mere views, however well executed, are seldom to be trusted as to accuracy, either of proportion or detail; or even, should they be correct in these respects, still, since they exhibit little more than the general composition and effect of a building, they are very inadequate as architectural studies. It may be objected, perhaps, by some, that the scale of the plates, in the volumes before us, is too small to exhibit those minutest details which the architectural student demands; and, in one or two instances, in such subjects as St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Bank of England, we regret that portions of the elevations were not given on a larger scale. In general, however, the plates are sufficiently perspicuous, even for the purpose of those who wish to analyse and study the buildings they represent, more minutely than persons in general require.

Considering the number of new buildings erected in the metropolis and its environs, during the present reign, many of which will be found in these 'Illustrations,' we think it a favourable symptom, that there are not more in an inferior style, and that there are so many which possess indisputable merit. Notwithstanding, therefore, that in some instances we could wish no embellishment had been attempted, since it has only led to deformity, still we do augur favourably for the future. With greater correctness of detail, and greater purity and simplicity of design, the architects of the present day exhibit more invention in their compositions and accessories, more pleasing and more picturesque effects, than their predecessors aimed at.

Respecting the publication before us, we can conscientiously assure our readers, that, if they have any taste for architectural subjects, they will find ample gratification for it in these volumes, not only in the embellishments, but in the descriptive letter-press. The account of St. Paul's Cathedral, by Messrs. Brayley and Gwilt, is replete with much valuable historical and scientific information. The latter has also furnished the descriptions of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, St. Martin's, and St. James's, Westminster, which evince a thorough knowledge of the subject, although we do not always agree with him on points of taste; and, if we may venture to dissent from a professional critic, we should say, with regard to Walbrook Church, that, elegant as the dome and the effect of the columns are, the naked walls, and the uncouth little oval windows, are any thing but beautiful, or in accordance with the rest. If we were to suggest an improvement in a design, held to be the master-piece of Wren, we should say that, instead of diminutive oval windows—more becoming a stable than a church, it would have been better to introduce a series of arcades descending to the level of the bases of the columns, closed up below, and having merely the arched portion glazed. The archivolts and impostos to these arcades, would have formed a pleasing decoration, subservient to, but partaking the character of, the arches that support the dome. Within each of these arcades might also have been a pannel to receive a mural monument; by which means, however they might vary in detail, these tablets would have been uniform both in arrangement and dimensions. As it is, this interior has an unfinished appearance, and the meanness of the other features forms any thing but an agreeable contrast to the beauty of the dome. There are some other particulars, with regard to which we dissent nearly *toto caelo* from Mr. Gwilt, but we cannot now stop to notice them, for we have already, perhaps, dwelt too long on this Church, while there are so many newer subjects.

Proceeding from the pens of different writers, the letter-press accounts manifest various, occasionally, perhaps, rather conflicting, opinions; some, too, are only historical and descriptive, while others consist of little more than critical

remarks. But this defect, if it really be one, is not of much moment; and we should still regard this publication as an important accession to our histories and topographies of London, even did it contain no plates. These, however, constitute its principal feature, and are generally executed with a degree of taste and ability that renders them not at all inferior to those exquisite little architectural designs in Landon's 'Annales du Musée,' which is speaking highly in their praise.

In the preface to the second volume, Mr. Britton takes a cursory view of the numerous buildings now in progress, or recently completed, in the metropolis; but we regret to find, as must, doubtless, every purchaser of the work, that he does not add, that, in consequence of these numerous materials for his purpose, it is his intention to publish another volume.

#### THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.—PICTURE BY M. LE THIÈRE.

THE whole range of history, ancient and modern, does not present one action more exalted in character than the incident which M. Le Thièrè has chosen for the subject of this historical painting. The Roman soldier and father, drawn from the camp by anxiety for a daughter, whose honour and liberty had been menaced in his absence by the wiles of a libidinous and artful Magistrate, finding that death alone can preserve his child from pollution, nobly prefers the fatal alternative, and with the parental hand infixes the deadly weapon in her bosom. Turning, then, with the reeking blade to the tyrant, he exclaims, 'Appius, by this blood I devote thee!' Is it possible, how little conversant soever we be with art, to approach a painting which professes to represent this sublime and affecting story, without feeling the inspiration of high and noble ideas? Can we fail to see that there never was presented a happier opportunity for the exercise of the most elevated style of art, for the employment of all that is powerful and lofty in expression; of all the nobility and grandeur of which the figure of man is susceptible; of all that is interesting, youthful and lovely in the female form? Manly dignity and passion, and womanly grace and patience, offer themselves to our imagination, as the chief and sure characteristics in the composition of such a picture. Prepossessed with these notions, we are disappointed on arriving before the painting of M. Le Thièrè. In it the sublimity of the subject is wholly neglected. The artist's judgment, and not his feeling, has dictated his choice of a theme: he has studied, and not entirely in vain, to produce an effective picture, but that effect is wholly independent of loftiness or dignity, loveliness or grace. There is not an attitude or expression in the whole production which has either of those qualities.

It is difficult to show indulgence towards a work of such high pretensions, which falls in so material a particular as the due conception of the capabilities of its subject, yet the present state of the arts forbids us to encourage fastidiousness; and, having made our objections, therefore, to the want of elevation in character which has been shown in the general design of this picture, we are not backward in allowing that its execution evinces considerable skill. The principal figures and groups are prominent and attractive—the two decemvirs, excepting as to the expression of the heads, and in that respect they are bad amongst the bad, are the best in the picture, and are well grouped: the figure of Virginius, although in a style truly humble and vulgar, has great energy, and is remarkable moreover, for the originality of its composition. The heads of Virginius, the Nurse, Icilius and Numitorius, are very cleverly composed; but, in regarding this part of the picture, the objection forces itself on the mind, that, to give the interest to the subject of which it is susceptible, the concern of Icilius should have been bestowed on the yet breathing Virginia; his execration of the tyrant should have been reserved. The lower part of the body of Virginia is ill drawn, and seems smashed rather than sinking. On the other side of the picture, the figures are altogether common place. The mother and her child is an imitation, and but a pitiful one, of the Niobe of the Florentine gallery; the figure of the bearded old man, in the foreground, is faulty altogether—badly drawn, and mannered in conception. A good *chiaro-scuro* effect is wanting in this part, more especially, of the picture: the figures consequently deficient in relief or rotundity, and

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distinctness: they are confused in a general flatness. An injurious effect is occasioned to the whole picture, by the neglect of aerial perspective; the group, for instance, in the middle ground, is as strong in colour as the most prominent figures in the foreground. The colouring is on the whole powerful, although it is not on the finest principle: black is too prevalent, and the red drapery in the centre of the picture strikes us as too positive. Great art has been shown in the arrangement of the exhibition-room, which is admirably contrived for throwing light on the painting, while the beholder remains in the dark.

The tenor of our criticisms, we trust, will preclude the necessity of our disclaiming nationality. We make no comparisons between this work and any production of an artist of our own. We know but one standard by which to judge of art of such lofty pretensions; and that is the ancient masters: no modern work, be it French, English, or Italian, will probably stand that test—but unless it do, experience forbids us to pronounce it a fine work. An historical painting is as an epic poem; we must have excellence or nothing; mediocrity is intolerable. But even estimating Mr. Le Thière's present work by comparison with his own former efforts, and with a production of a countryman of his own:—in point of design, the *Death of Virginia*, is far inferior to the *Judgment of Brutus*: in style of colouring, Mr. Delacroix's painting of the *Execution of the Doge*, now in the British Institution, is much its superior.

#### EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOUR.

We ever hail the opening of this exhibition with more than ordinary satisfaction: we are sure of meeting in it what is excellent in its kind. Our national pride is gratified by the conviction, that Europe has nothing in art which will bear a comparison with the productions of our artists in water-colour. In other branches, artists, both at home and abroad, labour, but labour in vain, to attain that perfection, of which examples, left by past ages, make us but too sensible of the present dearth; while our performances in water-colour are not only the best existing, but will stand the test of the application of the general rules of artistic excellence. The present is the twenty-fourth exhibition, and is considered the best which has yet been formed. Without pretending to vouch for this fact, which we leave to more veteran loungers than ourselves, but of which we are assured on excellent authority, and which we have no difficulty in believing, we can safely assert that it is behind none of its predecessors of several years past. Names long familiar and dear to our readers figure in the catalogue, and those of Fielding, Robson, Prout, Cristall, Gastineau, Wild, Harding, Nash, and Stephanoff will apprise them, at once, of the nature and merit of the works contained in the exhibition.

The efforts of Mr. Robson's pencil are, as usual, abundant in his several manners. The first in order of the list, is *Snowden from the Nantile Pools*, which is followed by nearly half a hundred. His mountain and lake scenes have all that power and effect for which his works of that nature are distinguished; they possess those qualities even to excess, and would, perhaps, please more were they less labored. Of his views of cities, which include many, if not all those which form the work now publishing of the cities of England, the view of Edinburgh, from Salisbury Crags, No. 241, is the most delightful.

Mr. Copley Fielding's numbers, we believe, exceed those of Mr. Robson's, and are not less varied in their subjects. His *Southampton Sunset*, No. 181, is a most brilliant production,—truly golden; an objection may be raised to it, and it is one from which few of his works are exempt, that there is a want of substantiality in the objects. A distant view of Portsmouth, from Spithead, under the effects of a squall at sea, is in a more forcible manner than is usually adopted by this artist, but is a very happy effort, and displays the versatility of his talent. There are one or two others of the same character in the collection.

Mr. Dewint's several pieces are attractive by their truth, and rigid observance of nature. On this account they are admirable. His *Stacking Barley*, *Cattle Rising*, No. 245, may be taken as a happy specimen.

The *Temple of Vesta, Tivoli*, Mr. Havel, is as complete a contrast as can be imagined to the cold tone of Mr. Dewint, out is far too much in the other extreme; the composition of the landscape is beautiful and rich.

Mr. Prout has been more happy in his western than

southern pieces. His *Campanile, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Prison, &c. at Venice*, No. 21., is in his clearest and brightest manner. Without requiring architectural precision, we wish we could see greater firmness of hand in this artist's drawing. His buildings seem threatened with the fate of the poor Brunswick Theatre,—few of them are upright. The *Campanile* itself is tottering. *Rue Grosse-Horloge, Rue, No. 24.*, is one of Mr. Prout's best specimens; it has a delightful tone of colour.

*Twilight*, No. 27., *Sunset*, 43. G. Barrett. The latter has a splendid effect; the composition would be delightful, were it not that the too frequent repetition of temples and pediments, and this fault pervades the artists other works, degenerates into mannerism, and bespeaks poverty of invention.

*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Scene III.*, J. Cristall, is much too substantial for its subject. The figures smell too much of mother earth for the occupation of rose-bud-canker-killing and warring with rear-mice. Taken detachedly, they are ably done, and are no disgrace to the pencil of this popular artist.

With his work we shall close our account for the present, in the intention of resuming the notice of this deservedly popular exhibition in our next number.

#### EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS IN FRESCO, BY PAUL VERONESE, &c.

AMONG the numerous exhibitions now open, that in Maddox-street is not the least interesting. It is a collection of paintings of merit, brought together from various quarters. Among these, are some frescos of Paul Veronese, which have undergone the almost miraculous process of being detached from the walls on which they were painted. Although they do not vie with the fresco paintings on which our ideas of that art are formed, from the specimens of the Roman and other schools, and have not much of the character of colouring, in which Paul Veronese so greatly excelled in oil, yet they are very elegant compositions; and their rarity alone, as frescos, would make them a valuable acquisition to the richest gallery.

This room contains, besides, several very choice pieces in oil-paintings. Among these, we are proud to mention two inestimable productions of our own Wilson, a *Niobe*, and the *Boar-hunt*; the latter with figures by Mortimer. They are full of imagination and force, partaking of the character of Poussin and Rosa. No. 3. is a very spirited specimen of a Gainsborough's powers. The collection contains, besides, a delightful *Venus and Cupid* of Giorgione, several Claudes, a Salvator Rosa, a very clever *Burgomaster's Daughter*, by Rembrandt, a Teniers, Wouvermanns, and several other very meritorious pieces of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools.

#### VIEWS IN MADEIRA.

*Twenty-six views in the Madeiras, executed on stone by Messrs. Westall, Nicholson, Harding, Nash, Villeneuve, Guachi, &c. &c., after drawings made from nature by the Rev. James Bulmer, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. Folio. Rivingtons, Carpenters, and Engelmann and Co. London, 1825.*

This is one of the most pleasing and best executed series of views that we have ever seen, to the same extent, on stone; and its success, which we take to be certain, will, no doubt, lead to similar collections for publication in the same form.

The first view, is of the Town of Funchal, as seen from the anchorage, and is very striking, especially in its back ground, where the towering hills touch with their summits upon the region of the clouds.

Porte do Ilheo, Loo Rock, with a schooner and boat at anchor, and a ship entering, under full sail, is equally interesting, though of a totally different description, having the unbroken horizon of the sea and sky for its line of distance.

Funchal, from the Chapel of Santa Cathienna, gives a near view of the Citadel named, and the costume of the Monks, as well as a view of the interior of the town.

A Fortaleza do Pico, the Peak Castle, offers an extremely interesting assemblage of fortifications, scarped rocks, scattered dwellings, balconies, vineyards, and gardens.

View among the Moinhos, is a fine subject, but not so skillfully treated as the former ones, and is marked by a want of distinctness in its distance.

The District of Funchal, from the mountain-path above the Allegria, is full of the wildness of mountain solitude, and agreeably terminated by a distant

view of the town and anchorage, with the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Waterfall is also a striking subject, and well treated, though its regularity makes it less picturesque than if more broken.

Ribiero dos Socorridos, with a broken arched bridge over the bed of a torrent, and cattle grazing, has nothing remarkable in its scenery.

Jardin de Serra, the next in order, with its peaked and rounded hills, clothed with exuberant wood, and mansions and cottages, peeping through the trees, is extremely characteristic of tropical and insular scenery generally.

Descent into the Curral, from the ridge under Pico Grande, is a fine specimen of a bold and rocky pass.

The church of Nossa Senhor do Livramen to the Curral is also a romantic view—but wants distinctness of impression.

Ribiera Brava, with a rustic wooden bridge over a brook; and Calheta, with its single arch over a deep ravine, are each interesting.

Pico Ruivo, the Torrinhãs, &c. from the Paul de Serra, is the least perfect impression of the series.

Encomiando of St. Vincente is extremely grand, and resembles in many of its features, the towering sublimity of the Syrian Lebanon.

The Church of Ponta Delgada, with its sterile rocks, and the adjoining cove or rock of the sea, seems fitted for the austerities of monastic retirement.

Pico Ruivo, &c., from the high grounds of St. Jorge, is another grand mountain view, full of wild beauty.

Ribiero de St. Jorge, and Fayal, are pleasing views; Rebiero Meyo Metade, with its solitary woods and sharply-peaked mountains, is quite Alpine in character.

Santa Cruz is uninteresting; but Machud, and the town of Porto Santo, especially the former, are views of a very pleasing description.

The three last, namely, Interior of Porto Santo, the Valley of Porto Cruz, and the Cliffs on the north-east side of Point Lorenzo, are among the most striking in the series, which, taken as a whole, may be recommended as one of great interest, and giving, with the letter-press descriptions accompanying it, the most complete idea of the scenery of Madeira, that any one, without actually visiting the island itself, could possess.

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### King's Theatre.—Thursday.

MADemoiselle Sontag repeated the character of *Rosina* on Thursday last, to a house as overflowing as on the preceding Tuesday, and her exertions could not have been more enthusiastically greeted on her first appearance. The extraordinary facility of execution, and correctness of intonation, displayed by this young lady, in the performance of Rode's violin variations, are unequalled by any singer in existence. For ourselves, we are no admirers of variations, instrumental or vocal; they form an excrescence of the art, which has been fostered of late years to such an extent as, in many instances, to supersede the culture of the parent tree, and to threaten the extinction of every thing simple and natural in the art.

Flattering as the reception of Mademoiselle Sontag has been, we feel convinced that her *tout-ensemble* would have created a still greater sensation in the musical portion of this metropolis, had it not been for the extravagant terms in which her features, her figure, her voice, and her talents, have been severally blazoned over civilised Europe, by the ultra panegyrics of her countrymen. A word or two upon German enthusiasm in musical matters will, therefore, not be out of place at the present moment.

At the residences of many German courts, where an Opera is a *sine qua non*, the homage and adulation which is paid to every rising star in their musical horizon, is generally as excessive as it is preposterous in its display. From the court the *prima donna* enjoys, at least, a handsome carriage, a table of some half dozen covers, and emoluments far exceeding those of the highest officer of state. By the people she is regaled with serenades; multitudes surround her carriage, escort it to and from the theatre, and remain shouting and clapping beneath her windows till past midnight. In short, music is there a necessary of life: soldiers and non-commissioned officers are marched every Sunday evening, with their side-arms, to the gallery of the playhouse, as regularly as they are led in the morning to church; and, on the production of Spontini's Olympia, the cavalry regiments of a whole principality were drafted of their trumpeters, to increase the orchestra of the Opera, in which a clang of brazen instruments was produced, that rendered the

passing tattoo of all the drums of the garrison, in the opinion of a Prussian prince, most 'soothing music.'

It may be well imagined then, that the Germans, however profound in their harmonies and gifted with the most correct taste in every thing relating to instrumental music, are often led away by mere execution and accidental circumstances in their estimation of vocal talent; indeed, if any style of singing may be termed peculiar to the country, it is certainly not founded on the purest models. Their *prime donne* more often astonish than delight; melody is too frequently sacrificed by them to execution, and the redundancy of shake and divisions to which we have in former articles adverted, is any thing but congenial to the ear, familiarised with the best Italian artists. A stay of some duration in Italy would be of incalculable service to all their celebrated vocalists, but these ladies are generally so spoiled by the applause that is indiscriminately lavished on their early exertions, that they see little reason in making any sacrifice towards the improvement of a talent which in its actual state calls forth the admiration of thousands.

#### Kings Theatre—Saturday.

Rossini's serious opera of 'Semiramide,' was brought forward for the first time this season on the 19th inst., with an accession of talent which promises to render it, after another representation, the most perfect, as regards musical execution, of the productions of the season. The *personnel* of this opera has undergone so many changes for the better, that we imagine we cannot give our musical readers at a distance, a better idea of its present efficiency than in recapitulating the present cast:

Semiramide . . . . .	Madame Pasta.
Arsace . . . . .	Madame Schutz.
Assur . . . . .	Signor Zuchelli.
Idreno . . . . .	Signor Curioni.
Oroe . . . . .	Signor Porto.

The highly dramatic interest of the story, which is sustained even to the last scene, is too well known to need detail here. The music improves considerably upon repetition; what at first appeared teeming with noise and *bizarre*, has become so familiarised to our ear, that we perceive, at every successive representation, a greater portion of dramatic expression and frequent traits of originality. There are certainly a few of the most barefaced plagiarisms that even Rossini has been guilty of. To adduce only two instances; compare Oroe's exclamation in the third scene,

In questo giorno, appena arrivi,  
Da men il sacro oracolo.

with the denunciation of the statue of the commendatore in 'Don Giovanni,' and the duett in the second act, 'Giorno d'Orrore,' between Semiramide and Arsace, notwithstanding its doleful commencement, is as neat a divertimento on the 'Carnival of Venice,' as any London piano-forte composer could devise. To counterbalance these peccadilloes, we have one or two of the finest choruses that have proceeded from the pen of the Gran Maestro. That of the Magi in the first act, 'E del ciel placati o Nume,' as also that which precedes the conclusion of the second act, 'Un traditor con empio ardir,' are exquisitely beautiful and solemn; they were well executed; but in several other instances the choruses were by no means perfect. The quintett, 'Giuro al Nume a la Regina,' to which we looked forward with considerable expectation, was comparatively a failure. Another rehearsal will be generally beneficial, as throughout the opera there were evidences of want of sufficient collective study; the orchestra was once or twice *en retard*; but the military band on the stage deserve commendation; even the duplicate notes of the drum were in the strictest time.

With regard to those of our readers who have witnessed Madame Pasta's conception and execution of the character of the Babylonian queen, we feel convinced that our feeble praise will in no wise enhance their opinion of that performance. To those whose nerves have not yet thrilled at the intensity of her feeling, we equally despair of giving any adequate idea. Viewed only as an histrionic effort, it places her far above any actress that has trod the English stage since the days of Mrs. Siddons; and to us, her delineation of the various conflicting passions appears more true to nature, than the majestic performance of Mademoiselle Georges in the same character. Madame Pasta's action in the finale of the first act, especially during the *tutti*, 'Qual mesto Gemitto,' and the exclamation in the third scene of the second act,

'En tu vivi! oh! quel orrore.'

brought forth the most rapturous plaudits that ever rewarded a talent which, from the scarcity of compe-

titors, shines with additional lustre on the stage of the Italian opera. Of Madame Pasta's vocal exertions, we cannot refrain from briefly noticing the air, 'Bel ragio lasinghier,' especially at the passage, 'Alfin per me brillo,' as well as the oath which she so majestically delivers from the throne. But enough: were we to recapitulate all the vocal excellencies of the part, we should be obliged to leave the other characters totally unnoticed.

Madame Schutz is far superior to any *Arsace* that has appeared on these boards. This lady takes extraordinary pains with the part; and, assisted with great musical tact, renders it particularly conspicuous. She appeared to great advantage in the opening air, 'An quel giorno,' and threw in some *roulades*, which were executed with great nicety. Her subsequent duet with *Assur* proved as exquisite a *morceau* as any in the opera; and the concluding portion, 'Va superbo,' was highly effective. This lady, notwithstanding her perfect knowledge of music, occasionally attempts embellishments which fail in the execution; we will only point out one instance which occurred in the scene with *Oroe*, in the sanctuary, at the words, 'Si del ciel nel fier cemento,' which we feel convinced were given in a manner far different from what was intended. In the finales and concerted pieces, Madame Schutz's portion was always correct as to time, and neat and effective in execution.

Signor Zuchelli made his re-appearance on this stage in the part of *Assur*: this performer is the most finished *basso-cantante* that we have ever heard. The compass of his voice is extensive, of great power and richness. His bass passages are delivered with a facility and distinctness of intonation as delightful as their junction is unusual to a musical ear. He sustained the character of *Assur* for the first time we believe, in this country, and threw all his predecessors deep into the shade. Poor *Remorini*, now no more, may have thrown more oriental gravity and steadiness into the part of the Babylonian Prince, but his execution fell considerably short of that of Zuchelli. Gallo appeared here, only at an age when it was just possible to imagine what he *had* been, but which never could have been equal to the present representative of this character. At first we were almost apprehensive that even the organ of Signor Zuchelli had somewhat declined in strength, as, in the early portion of the opera, his passages were often lost amidst the other voices; from the sensible improvement, however, towards the conclusion, we apprehend the cause to lie in the sudden transition from one of the smaller houses in Paris to the immense space of the King's Theatre in London.

Curioni has at best but a meagre part, which is rendered still more insignificant by the excision of the whole of his share in the second act, partly no doubt to accommodate the *Princess Azena*, who, in the present state of opera, is reduced to a mute. We must, therefore, suppose the character to have been considered by Madame Castelli as beneath her station in the establishment. Porto's character of *Oroe*, did not, we dare to say, come up to his own idea of his merits. His assistance, however, was most valuable, as his deep notes joined to the passages of Zuchelli, constituted a foundation for the other voices as beautiful as it was strong.

As regards the dresses and decorations of this opera, we have heard too much lately of the parsimony of the managers in trifles, to expect more than the *beaux-restes* of the original production in 1824. The present *matériel* is truly *Babylonian*, although presenting, at the same time, the most curious mixture of Oriental costume that ever greeted our vision. For the head we have turbans of a most original form, chackos that would suit many a regiment of light dragoons; Roman helmets, and figurantes *coiffées à la dernière mode de Paris*. The bare mention of these varieties may give a faint idea of the incongruities in the other portions of the dresses. In these departments of the opera we almost despair of witnessing any improvement this season. We have hitherto beheld scarcely a new scene, and owing, no doubt, to the same economical principle as regards every thing excepting salaries, we have had no ballet worthy of the house or of the dancers. While on this subject, we may briefly notice the appearance of Monsieur Daumont from the opera at Paris. This artist supplies in the divetissement and ballet the place of Bournonville, to whom he is by no means equal. He possesses, nevertheless, a light elegant figure, and has considerable neatness in the execution of his saltatorian movements.

We never advert to the enjoyment of this most delightful of all the public amusements of modern times, the Opera, without feeling a regret that there should be any thing wanting to make it as perfect, in every department, as good taste and ample means could effect.

#### THE LATE MAJOR LAING.

We subjoin an extract from the Journal of a recent traveller in the Mediterranean, which contains a hasty sketch of the late adventurous, but unfortunate Major Laing, who has just fallen a victim to assassination in Africa.

It presents a faithful picture of the feelings and person of this spirited gentleman at the moment of setting out on his last and fatal expedition, and will at present be read with interest.

Malta, March 9th, 1825.

I accompanied my friend T. this morning to pay a visit to Major Laing, the intrepid African traveller, who is now at Malta, on his way to Tripoli, from whence he intends to penetrate to Timbuctoo, and proceeding thence due south for some degrees, to direct his course to the westward, and come out about Biafra, or the Bight of Benin. He is a firmly-built hardy-looking man, of about two or three and forty years of age, with a pleasing countenance, and amicable but resolute expression. His accent is Scottish, and his whole manner is affable and obliging. Should he escape with life, and succeed in completing the tour he has marked out, he has little doubt of being enabled to discover the source of the mysterious Niger; but, at the same time, he is far from being sanguine in his expectations. He says, himself, that the chances are ten to one against his ever returning; since, should he escape the knives of assassins from political motives, or those of robbers from interested ones, he still runs an imminent risque from the fears and prejudices of the natives. Again, the climate is unfavourable; and, above all, he is sure of meeting with a scarcity of water on his march, whilst the small supply he can carry with him invariably becomes rancid and impure in a very short time, dysentery being certain to ensue from its use. In this case, the only substitute which he could think of was one of a very nauseous description. He speaks, however, not like a bravo, but in the tone of a man who has long weighed his determination, and come to a fixed conclusion; there is no boasting or display of empty bravery in all he says. His supplies for travelling expenses consist of Spanish dollars for the coast, and gold rings and other toys for the interior. His scientific apparatus is compact and complete; and, altogether, he is at once admirably adapted by nature, and well protected by precaution, for his perilous enterprise: *felix faustum que sit*.

#### PUBLIC CONCERTS.

THE Concert to be held at the New Argyll Rooms, on Friday next, the 25th inst., promises to be one of the most attractive of the season. It will, certainly, combine the efforts of the highest musical talent in the country. Signor Velluti, who is to appear at these Concerts only, during the present year at least, is to sing with Madame Pasta, Madame Caradori, and Mademoiselle Brambilla, each in succession: and, in some of the most exquisite pieces of the Italian school. The trio of 'Cruda Sorte,' to be sung by Velluti, Pasta, and Brambilla, will, we doubt not, be a treat of the highest kind. The instrumental department is also perfect, and the whole promises an evening of great gratification.

Miss Hincksmān's Concert, at Willis's Rooms, under the patronage of the Royal Family, is fixed for the 1st of May. Miss Paton, Madame Schutz, and Signor De Begnis, are to sing at this; and Mori and Lindley are among the instrumental performers. Madame Caradori's benefit, which is fixed for the same evening, promises, however, such attractions in the revival of Don Giovanni and the union of Sontag, Caradori, and Zuchelli, in the same opera, that we conceive it would be mutually advantageous, if the Concert at Willis's Rooms, which is, of course, more easily deferred than a benefit opera, with all the dependant establishment of the King's Theatre, were postponed for a night or two, so as not to clash with each other. Madame Caradori's night is sure to be a crowded one, from the double cause of her being a deservedly universal favorite, and of her benefit presenting such unusual attraction. We should like to see Miss Hincksmān's Concert equally well attended; but, though one may conveniently visit two routs in an evening, by dropping in early at the one, and late at the other, it would require the quality of ubiquity—which modern refinement has not yet attained—to be present at two public concerts, each beginning and ending at the same hour. These remarks will apply to other occasions than the one here adverted to; and may not be wholly unworthy the attention of those to whom the direction and arrangement of public entertainments is a matter of frequent occurrence.



## SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

SCENE I.—*Henriette's Dressing-room at noon—Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle-street.*

HENRIETTE.—(To Margaret her Waiting-maid.)—I am afraid, Margaret, these ringlets will make my face too square. In London, I believe, the taste is rather for long faces.

MARGARET.—Indeed, Mademoiselle, the Milords Anglais are very hard to please; they are very apt to criticise dress severely: but for your face—

HENRIETTE.—Are you going to pester me with your endless compliments? You speak to me in the style of an editor.

MARGARET.—(A little piqued.)—If Mademoiselle does not like to hear the truth, I must be silent. But tell me, Mademoiselle, what do you think of all those grand ladies you saw last night?

HENRIETTE.—They were most frightfully dressed. Figure to yourself a number of enormous corkscrews, hiding almost the whole face; flowers, feathers, and diamonds, all thrown pell-mell and profusely over their heads. And what a style of dress! There was scarcely one of them that would have done credit to a French dress-maker. What a strange mode too of presenting themselves, and looking at one! In fact, Margaret, when I appeared in the Prince's drawing-room, I was instantly intimidated with the hard and repulsive manner with which some of these ladies viewed me.

MARGARET.—Oh! The Duchess of —'s waiting-maid told me, that her mistress always stares at strangers in this manner, in order to show herself off, and make her attention of more importance.

HENRIETTE.—Say, rather, to make her attentions appear impertinent.

MARGARET.—And when you came into the drawing-room?

HENRIETTE.—A great bustle was immediately excited. Every one was eager to have a glimpse at me. The men viewed me with attention, bordering on respect; the women scanned me from head to foot.

MARGARET.—That's their way. But when you had sung?

HENRIETTE.—(with indifference.)—Ah! Margaret, then they stunned me with their applause, as a matter of course, you know.

MARGARET.—Yes, yes, Mademoiselle; you will see more of this yet. I hope they will be more frantic than even the Berlin folks; for I hear every where that the English are so passionately fond of music.

HENRIETTE.—I believe they are; but it is only when the singer is fashionable and popular.

MARGARET.—You will be so very speedily, Mademoiselle; or, rather, you are so already. The dresser of the figurantes at the Opera told me yesterday, that popularity in England, if one is handsome, is an affair of a moment only.

HENRIETTE.—So much the worse, Margaret; for it will then, necessarily, be the sooner at an end. But I am determined against those ringlets; give me my locks, No. 3, and my bonnet à la Giraffe,—it sets me off to advantage, and hides my deficiency of hair.

(Enter servant with a letter.)

HENRIETTE.—From whom is that letter?

SERVANT.—From the Prince Est—y.

MARGARET.—Yes; and a rouleau of gold, Mademoiselle!

HENRIETTE.—Indeed! The Prince is a man of business. (She examines the present.) Tell me, now, Margaret, (looking at the sovereigns,) don't you think George the Fourth has a fine open countenance?

MARGARET.—I hope, Mademoiselle, you will carry away with you a good many of his pictures!

HENRIETTE.—Silence! foolish girl; read the letter to me.

MARGARET.—(Reading.)—'Mademoiselle' . . .

HENRIETTE.—Ah! the Prince writes to me in French!

MARGARET.—Perhaps it is the fashion to do so here, too. But let me read on—

'Enchanting creature!—what a miracle you are! We were all transported with you last night; and, to speak the truth, we have not recovered ourselves even this morning. What transcendent talents, divine Mademoiselle Sontag! I am now proud of being a German! You will eclipse all your rivals—neither Pasta, nor Pador, nor De Begnis, nor Catalani, will ever recover their pre-eminence again, after the brilliant sounds which last night electrified my drawing-room. What a glorious night for Germany, for England, in short, for all the world! Ah! you will turn all their heads here. You will surpass your former deeds in Austria and in Prussia. There will be no stopping the public enthusiasm, when once it is begun: there will be a cessation of all public business,—Parliament will have a second recess,—the Corps Diplomatique will separate for three months. All the Bishops will come to hear your notes, which ravish like those of the nightingale. Neither politics nor polemics, my charming Mademoiselle, for a fortnight

at least. I am enchanted with your strains, and so will all be who hear them.

'I will this very day lay my homage at your feet. In the meantime, I most respectfully kiss your beautiful hand, which all who have ever seen it so much admire; and I transmit to you this tribute in honour of your prodigious talents. Salut de tout mon cœur.

LE PRINCE D'E—'

HENRIETTE (smiling).—Well! it is impossible to be more gallant or more generous. But, for the style of the letter, it is even more droll than those written to me by the Margrave of —, or the Grand Bailly of —, or the Chancellor of the High Court of —, or even the famous President of the Aulic Council of Vienna.

MARGARET.—Do these compliments appear strange to you then, Mademoiselle?

HENRIETTE.—Why, Margaret, it is true, that I am a female and an artist, and in both these characters I feel a strong passion for praise; nevertheless, I confess, though now so well accustomed to receive it, I would rather it were less extravagant. It is unquestionably very gratifying to receive compliments from a Grandee; but, when they exaggerate one's merits in so ridiculously pompous a style, we cannot refrain from something closely bordering on pity for their understandings. But, Margaret, put the rouleau in my casket—the one which stands near my crucifix.

SCENE II.—*Mademoiselle's Drawing-room.—A table, with a number of open letters.*

HENRIETTE (writing).—Bless me! what a shower of letters! These English people write more despatches than the whole German Confederation. I must have, I fear, a lithographic circular, to answer these complimentary epistles; otherwise, my whole day will be taken up in correspondence, and then I shall have not an hour left for practice.

MARGARET.—Oh! beware of that, Mademoiselle. What a triumph that would be for all your rivals!—But there is a gentleman at the door who has just alighted from his horse.

HENRIETTE.—What sort of a man is he?

MARGARET.—He is rather tall and thin, has a swaggering appearance, carries a horsewhip in his hand, which he balances from side to side, like a Nuremberg puppet; he has little twinkling eyes, and a hatchet face,—one of those court-maimes which we call in Germany 'Francis the Secor Is.'

HENRIETTE (laughing).—Has he his hair tied? and does he wear red inexpressibles, as the English ladies call *culottes*?

MARGARET.—No, Mademoiselle, neither.

HENRIETTE.—Perhaps it is the hair-dresser.

MARGARET.—But he comes on horseback!

HENRIETTE.—Foolish girl! do you not know that the most fashionable of these English perruquiers keep their carriages? Go and see who it is.

[A servant announces the Prince d'E—']

HENRIETTE.—(Bowing to the Prince and advancing to meet him.)—En Durchlancht. . . .

THE PRINCE E.—(Kissing her hand.)—Ah! Schöne und bewundernswürdige Henriette. . . .

HENRIETTE.—(Making another second profound obeisance.)—En Durchlancht. . . .

PRINCE E.—Ah! beautiful Mademoiselle Sontag, speak to me in French. You have seen by my note that I write in that language. (Henriette bows assent.)—I presume you cannot yet speak English?

HENRIETTE.—No, your Highness.

PRINCE.—Well! pray do not trouble yourself with learning that diabolical jargon, (looking around him,) that's *entre nous*, Mademoiselle; for as I am a diplomatist, I do not wish to get into a scrape with these *diables d'Anglais*. John Bull, you must know, cannot bear the least hint to his disparagement. And in this respect, the grantees of the country are little better than John Bulls in silk stockings. But of this another time. Tell me, thou astonishing creature! art thou content with last night's success?

HENRIETTE.—Your Highness and friends have been so very indulgent to me!

PRINCE.—Indulgent, by no means, thou paragon of song! Ah! I see you do not understand how matters proceed here. You come to London with a reputation ready-made, (and a little policy is necessary.) The fashionable world is in raptures with you before hand, and the superior society to which you were introduced last night at my hotel came for the purpose of applauding, knowing that something of extraordinary merit was to be heard. That point has been gained, 'tis true, but you are under no obligation to them for it. They had pledged themselves to elevate you above the clouds; and excuse my frankness if I tell you, that it is not on your account alone, but partly

in compliment to me also. In point of music, my adorable Henriette, the English applaud fine singers in order that they may spread an idea throughout Europe, that the nobility of England are passionate admirers of first-rate artists, and that they know how to appreciate and remunerate their merits.

HENRIETTE.—That indeed is what Signor G— as well as Herr B— told me long ago; but, your Highness, is this actually the case?

PRINCE E.—Ah! we have often had our jokes with those very two you name, respecting these English amateurs; figure to yourself, belle Mademoiselle Sontag, that, among the whole horde of Lords who attempted to be so gallant to you last night, after your first delicious air, and amidst those vapourish and sentimental ladies, who pretended to faint with delight, while they listened to you; there was not one in the whole assemblage that felt the hundredth part of the pleasure experienced by a Tyrolean shepherd, when he hums any of his national airs.

HENRIETTE.—Is it possible, your Highness?

PRINCE.—It is really so.

HENRIETTE.—But they represent this country as the promised land of artists!

PRINCE E.—Yes, in point of gain. Oh! they will give you as many guineas as you please, provided you flatter their pretensions to being considered amateurs, and that they may have it inserted in the papers, that 'Lord Such-a-one gave a grand rout last night, at which the celebrated Mademoiselle Sontag sang her favourite air. The Noble Lord, the following day, sent her a rouleau of fifty guineas.' I know them well; for, as you see, Mademoiselle, being a diplomatist, I am necessarily an observer of mankind, and Metternich has especially recommended to me to study the national manners as they exhibit themselves in the upper classes of society, since the other classes are quite beneath our notice. *Au reste*, believe me, charming Sontag, if you were in your own little circle, and, as they say in France, *en petit comité*, it would be much better for your reputation to have a German and Italian audience; but in an Opera House or public Concert Room, in London, fill your boxes with milords and aldermen for spectators, and your coffers will soon be overflowing.

HENRIETTE (laughing).—Well, your Highness, I will note down every thing you say, but I cannot help thinking that the real artist feels more pleasure. . . .

PRINCE (interrupting her).—In singing before real amateurs, 'is it not so? Parbleu, no doubt of it, Mademoiselle, but if the ignorant are richer. . . . Besides, it is not your fault if they have no ears. What's more, they are good fellows at bottom; when once somebody of rank says to them, 'Look at Mademoiselle Such-a-one; she is the first singer in the world,' the business is complete; you may then depend upon it that they will take the bait, they will fight for your glory against the very elements, and it will become a point of national dignity to maintain your superiority to all the world. Whatever slips an artist may afterwards commit need not furnish any ground for apprehension; they are always sure of being accounted the most astonishing, the most wonderful, &c., &c.; for it is at this rate that they are patronised and rewarded. With respect to music, the Aristocracy of England enjoys the prescriptive prerogative of the Holy Father himself. I believe his Holiness is, in your eyes, Mademoiselle, a most respectable authority. You are a Catholic, as I see by this little crucifix on your table; I am one myself. You see, my young syren, I know their character well.

HENRIETTE.—But what your Highness says is not encouraging. Money, however, is very inviting; but still . . .

PRINCE.—Money is every thing, Mademoiselle; and thus you will find it at the end of three or four months, unless, indeed, a peer or a duke is entrapped into the matrimonial knot. These beautiful and accomplished professional ladies, (for they are all beautiful and accomplished, as a matter of course,) lodge their cash in well-secured houses in London, and *fouette cocher*, bidding adieu to these lofty and enlightened patrons of genuine music, the birds of passage then take to flight. Alas! the climate does not agree with the southern nightingales.

[A tremendous knocking is heard outside, and the servant announces, in a loud voice, the approach of Monsieur le Directeur de l'Opéra.]

Ah! the great Laporte. What an honour, Mademoiselle Sontag, to receive so important a personage. (He whispers to her.)—Now, we shall be entertained indeed.

[The continuation will be given in our next.]

# THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER AND THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

*To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester.*

MY LORD,—In 'The Times' newspaper for Friday, April 18, 1828, I find the following sentences attributed to your Lordship, and purporting to be part of a speech which your Lordship is said to have delivered in the House of Peers on the previous evening, with reference to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts :

'He hoped that, in the purity of the Church itself, and even in the Dissenter's purity of practice, there would ever be sufficient to repress the dark encroachments of infidelity. If he did suffer a real fear for the interests of Christianity, it was rather from the countenance of another principle,—that of excluding all systems of religious instruction from modern education. When he beheld an institution rising under high auspices, and commencing on a principle of excluding Christianity from its walls, and disconnecting religion, for the first time, from the cultivation of the youthful mind, he could not but tremble for the consequences. Nevertheless, although he saw danger, he did not feel seriously alarmed, as he was firmly persuaded, that no sooner would the inauspicious spirit become more decidedly manifest, than all ranks, and every denomination of professing Christians, would unite their efforts to oppose its progress, and counteract its effects.'

This is rather a longer text than those your Lordship is accustomed to preach from. But, few subjects even in the Bible, better warrant, by their intrinsic importance, either a full enunciation, or an extended comment, than that to which I am guided by the above sentences. In fact, the importance of the matter in hand, is exactly the same with that of the sacred volume ; as your Lordship's expressions relate to the very subject, and to the whole of the subject, which occupies the Old and New Testaments.

Your Lordship's objection to the London University in comparison with other places of instruction is, that its pupils are not to be taught Christianity. I wish to show that it is not of so much importance to give direct instruction in religion, as to give that kind of education which will make men good Christians : 2d, that at Cambridge neither is direct religious instruction given to any valuable or even noticeable extent, nor that kind of education, in other points, which would tend to produce the desired result ; and 3d, and lastly, that expediency, the law of means though not of ends, forbids the delivery of theological lectures at the London University. I shall refer to Cambridge rather than to Oxford, because we are both of us more familiar with the system of the former University than of the latter.

I am very anxious not to be confounded with those who might be inclined to argue this question upon infidel grounds. I claim to believe the truth of Christianity as firmly (however unworthily) as any Bishop : and no one would be better justified in charging me with irreligion, than I should be in making the same accusation against the archbishop of Canterbury, or your Lordship. I hold that Christianity is a revelation, and that Jesus Christ is our God and Redeemer. But I take leave to ask, what was the object of this miraculous revelation,—what the purpose of the Redeemer's sufferings and teachings ? The design was obviously that of reforming mankind,—a reform, intended to be so complete and absolute, as to deserve the name of a regeneration. This great aim was to be accomplished by reconciling us to God, that is, by inspiring us with piety and charity. It will readily be allowed, that to this end, all other schemes must be subordinate. But it does not follow, that the best method of accomplishing it, at an university, is by the establishment of theological lectures.

If all studies are to be pursued with reference to the development of the Christian character, that is of the most perfect form of human nature, it is evident that the study of theology ought, above all others, to be so followed. If it be practiced as in itself important, without reference to the high object it subserves, it tends to create a totally different frame of mind from the Christian ; and one the more dangerous, because it deceives us, by appearing to be that which it is not. The mere subtleties, and casuistries, and criticisms of the theologian, are a poor substitute for love to God and man. The dead letter ill replaces the living Word ; and he who studies nothing of the Bible but its language, (fertile and precious as it is,) will know as little of religion, as he who studies nothing of Æschylus but his diction, will know of poetry. I deny not that words, as the beautiful and admirable organ for the expression of

thought, are well deserving of attention ; but the great matter is to have a power and a love of comprehending those things which the words express ; for, without this comprehension, the most perfect knowledge of the mere language, could it be attained, would be useless ; and, moreover, it never can be attained. Words are only instruments ; the most excellent and wonderful, we know, but still nothing more than instruments.

I assert, and that confidently, that if any man of strong and sensitive feeling will read the Sermon on the Mount, in the most rude and bald translation, and then turn to any part of the critical commentaries of ninety-nine in a hundred among the most learned Doctors of all countries, he will experience a moral revulsion, so sudden and so painful, as to furnish the best possible evidence of the difference which may exist between theology and religion. Religious instructions not nourished and animated with religious feeling, are the dead dry husks, fit only for the swine to eat. To throw before them the pearls of universal truth is a mere idle and absurd waste. But, if the mind be first so developed as that the eyes of its spiritual nature are opened, it will then indeed be wise to present to it those objects which it will in that case, and in that alone, be able clearly to perceive and understand. Now, if, as has often happened, the whole efficient and active system of a place of education tends to produce one state of feeling, and that essentially worldly, it will not suffice towards producing in the pupils, a totally different habit of mind, and making them wisely, purely, and thoroughly religious, if some miserable rag of theology be sewed upon a garment of such different texture. The condition of the whole living body will not be changed, though it should happen to exhibit some little, wretched, lifeless excrescence of another substance. It will not be sufficient that the frame of an university resemble the person of a witch of old,—limbs, trunk, head, and heart given over to the devil, and possessed by him, while some one mark or mole is left open to the influence of religion. It has been often seen that colleges are abodes of strife, jealousy, luxury, and ambition, and this not so much from the natural frailty and evil propensities of man, as from the manifest ill tendency of their constitution. The end is frequently nothing better than gain, or applause ; the means, almost always envy ; the religion more completely one of forms, than, in any Christian community, Roman Catholic or Protestant. If, then, religion were taught in such institutions as these, and were taught well, it would totally disgust their members with every thing else around them. But if, as is more likely, it were taught ill, and so as to harmonise in its spirit with the other subjects of instruction, how would it be religion any longer, except in name ? And even, imagine for a moment that Christianity were well exhibited in the midst of a system so inconsistent with it, and yet were neither to overthrow the system, nor to be corrupted by it, must it not inevitably ensue that all that harmony and connexion between the various subjects of contemplation, which are so important towards purifying and methodising the mind, would be entirely destroyed.

I do not say that Theological Lectures are useless, but that they can only be subsidiary. They may shape a material already prepared for them. They may smooth and adorn the handiwork previously framed and compacted. But to believe that in the midst of a thousand opposing influences, and acting against the whole force of a scheme, towards which all the energies of the institutions they themselves belong to are made accessories, would be a vain and delusive fancy. The instructions of a professor of religion may be either expository, as of doctrine,—or demonstrative, as of testimony,—or historical, as of modes, times, circumstances, and persons ; and in any of these cases, verbal criticism must be largely subservient to the main purpose : That is, the discourse of the teacher may be as the leaves on which the oracles were written, or as the marbles and scrolls of past ages, or as a picture showing the colours and garments, architecture of buildings, and statues of persons, and for each of these he may fill the function of a skilled interpreter. But the region of men's hearts, he has nothing to do with. If he would enter there, he is a preacher, not a professor. His pupils may be learned in all that he can teach, and yet no whit the more wise upon salvation. Its distinctions and dogmas may be the breath of their nostrils ; he may surround them with an array of testimonies, and nurture them in a museum of ancient relics—and yet they are just as likely to remain without one feeling of devotion or of benevolence, as if they had never been made critics or antiquarians. Nay more, I will affirm that a man without strong religious principle, already alive and busy within him,

will be far more likely to be awakened to the consciousness of spiritual truth among the fields and woods, or in the beauty of poetry, or in the kindness of social intercourse, than if he were learning how to combat every cavil, and strike a balance between all the conflicting propositions that have ever been made matter of dispute among Doctors of Divinity. If, moreover, he does not previously attach an interest to every thing connected with Christianity, the discussion of subjects, which to him are empty and wearisome sounds, will be far more likely to give him a permanent distaste towards religion, than to inspire him with any new affection for it. The probationary knight was obliged of old to keep watch from sunset till sunrise, among relics and sepulchres. But he watched armed ; and he who has already put on the whole armour of God, may, with advantage, meditate in the consecrated cloister, amid the tombs and epitaphs of past ages. Without the shield of faith, and the word of the spirit, it would be an empty and disgusting ceremony.

The great object, of course, ought to be, to make the whole spirit and course of an University, ministrant to religious, that is, generous, charitable, earnest, and devout feeling. This never has been done in any place of instruction except, perhaps, the schools of some of the ancient philosophers, and the shores and fields where Jesus himself was master. And excluding (as it always has been excluded) the informing strength of religion from its proper sway over all other matters of contemplation, the next most desirable object is, to teach men, that knowledge is in itself a noble and a precious gift, to be wished for, and struggled for, as tending to exalt our faculties, and to bring our nature into conformity with the end of our existence. If we cannot at once secure that the pupils will be Christians, we may at least do (what has been carefully avoided at Oxford and Cambridge) every thing that will make them conscious of the feeling of moral dignity, and will teach them, that the exaltation of our whole being, by the attainment of truth, is not an aim which can be made subservient to the gaining a salary or a medal. We may take care that they shall feel themselves engaged in a majestic and holy office, when they are inquiring into the manner of the world's existence and of man's, instead of setting before them a piece of dead task-work, cut off from all the breathing and moving frame of universal truth, to be made the means of obtaining so much money, or of gaining a certain vain and wretched pre-eminence over others. Theological lectures will never make men saints. But a large and consistent plan of education, and, above all, one which does not act by degrading excitements, or by consecrating the vilest motives, even omitting direct religious instruction, though it will not do all that may be necessary, will yet do much towards making men honest and unworldly, lovers of goodness, teachers of wisdom, and followers of it. In short, like every thing which really improves mankind, it will prepare them for a full reception of Christianity, though it may not accomplish the work. It will bring them to the outer court of the sanctuary, where they may find another guidance that will lead them forward to the holy of holies, but the ordinary and chartered scheme of instruction carries them far away from the temple of the Lord, to worship at the altars of Belial and Mammon.

Your Lordship will observe that I have not said one word which can indicate any doubt of the use of theological instruction, for those who already experience a stirring conviction of the importance of religion. But I certainly am of opinion, that nothing could be more injudicious than indiscriminately to drive all the young men of an university, into attendance upon such lectures. It ought to be left entirely to their own feelings, and there can be no question that, where other considerations of the strongest expediency do not prevent their establishment, all those will attend them, to whom they can be of the least profit. It has been the object of this address, to demonstrate that the perpetual complaint against the new Institution, of its neglect of Christianity, is founded entirely upon a mistaking of an accessory for the substance ; and exhibits the Church of England bowing down to the minion of religion, instead of to religion itself,—like the Persians, who saluted Hephæstion instead of Alexander ; like Caliban rebelling against Prospero, to worship a slave.

I shall, in a future letter, endeavour to show that all prudence forbids the existence of a theological chair at the London University ; and that it would not be desirable, even upon religious grounds. On these grounds, my Lord, no one, so far as I am aware, has hitherto defended the plan of the wise and good men, the founders of the University in question. But it is on these grounds, and on these alone, as your Lordship will perceive, that I am inclined to put the question. The

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view I have taken of it will, I trust, be considerably strengthened by the observations on the religious tendency of the Cambridge system, which will be considered in my next letter. The concluding one will have, for its exclusive object, an examination of the point at issue, with reference solely and directly to the University of London.—In the mean while, I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,  
A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.  
April 21, 1828.

## THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

Paris, April 3d, 1828.

The great revolution which is operating in our literature, and which will have the effect of reviving French tragedy, has for its object the imitation of Shakspeare. Four young poets have lately presented to the Théâtre Français three translations of 'Romeo and Juliet.' The charming Miss Smithson is probably the muse to whom these young poets owe their inspiration. She has made them understand and feel Shakspeare, and her admirable acting has ensured a favourable reception to a French tragedy, founded upon the affecting story of Shakspeare's celebrated play.

A novel, written by an Italian, named Luigi da Ponte, the subject of which is also the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' has been translated by M. Delecluse, who, in his preface, has drawn an able comparison between the production of the novelist and the tragedy of Shakspeare. A lively little comedy, entitled, 'Le Premier Début,' has been very successful at the Théâtre de Vaudeville, where it nightly draws crowded houses. The plot is as follows:

A young girl, who works in a milliner's shop, is beloved by an old man: the lover, who cannot venture to make a candid disclosure of his passion, persuades the girl that she has a talent for the stage, and induces her to learn parts in plays. She quits her humble occupation, and joins a company of actors; and the scene of her introduction to the players is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The admiration with which she inspires the actors, and the envy which her beauty excites among the actresses, are excellently painted, and form a very diverting scene. The young milliner makes her debut, is unsuccessful, and is finally married, not to her old lover, but to a young actor of the company she has joined. Mademoiselle Jeny Colon performed the character of the young *debutante* charmingly; and her acting would, no doubt, be exceedingly attractive at the French Theatre in London. But 'The Premier Début' possesses but little merit, with the exception of the scene above alluded to, the humour of which would not, perhaps, be so well understood and felt in London as in Paris.

Kean is expected here with impatience. Our English Theatre is to open on the 7th of April, when Macready will perform Macbeth. His style of acting is said to be as affected and pompous as our own. If so, the success of the English Theatre will depend on the talent of Kean.

Count Rœderer, one of Napoleon's Counsellors of State, has just published some historical comedies in the style of M. Fougerey's 'Malet,' which continues to excite undiminished interest. 'Le Mort de Henry IV,' by Count Rœderer, is a pleasing and faithful historical picture.

Count Mathieu Dumas recently made a very popular speech, at a meeting of seven hundred electors. This would be no uncommon affair in England; but with us it is the first time that seven hundred electors have assembled to settle the preliminaries of an approaching election. We begin to resemble the English in every thing, except the poverty and absurdity of our aristocracy.

## LECTURES ON INFANT EDUCATION.

Dr. BIBER, a German gentleman of remarkable talents, acquirements, and philanthropy, is at present engaged in giving a course of lectures (gratis) at the Infant School House, Harp-Alley, Fleet-street. The subject is that of Infant Education, and we can promise equal delight and advantage from the lecturer's abilities, to all those who do not dread searching for truth, even in the purlieus of Fleet Market. The lectures are delivered on Wednesday evenings, at seven o'clock. Three of them have already been given, and we may, perhaps, return to communicate to our readers, some account of the beautiful and valuable system of practical philosophy which they have enforced, with regard to the very most important of all subjects. Dr. Biber's thorough mastery of the English language, manifested in his very clear and eloquent, though unwritten, discourses, is not the least interesting point in his mode of accomplishing his arduous task.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PARENT, who dates from Birmingham, and GULIELMUS, from Derbyshire, will find their suggestions attended to in the progress of our labours.

ERRATUM.—In the article on 'The French Drama, and the Quarterly Review,' in the last Number of 'The Athenæum,' at the bottom of the 5th column, 'the Ephori' are substituted for 'the Archons,'—though the error is partially corrected by the ninth line of the succeeding column, in which they are rightly named.

## THE ROUE—ITS DEFENDER—AND THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

In 'The London Weekly Review' of Saturday last, is inserted a Letter, signed OMICRON, which the Editor of that Paper states to have been originally addressed by a friend of the Author of 'The Roué' to 'The Athenæum,' by the Editor of which he represents it to have been refused insertion or suppressed, from an inability to answer its charges.

The brief reply to this accusation of unfairness, is that, like most other accusations proceeding from the same quarter, it is altogether untrue; as the following facts, or which we are ready to furnish unquestionable evidence, will show. The history of the Letter, and its delayed appearance, is simply this:

On the publication of the Review of the Roué, in 'THE ATHENÆUM,' the circumstance of this being the only criticism that denounced the work as immoral, (a distinction of which we are proud,) attracted the attention of the author and his friends; and, with a view to invalidate that criticism, a letter was written to us by one of the letter, contending, first, that the decision of the Reviewer was unjust and contrary to fact; and, secondly, that the criticism itself was characterised by such nonsense and bad grammar, as to be wholly contemptible. This letter came to us through the publisher of the work itself, and justice both to him and the author requiring its insertion, no objection whatever was raised to its appearing in the very next Number of our Paper. In assenting to its publication, it was stated, however, that of course it would be accompanied by a comment, in which the Reviewer would cite *proofs* of the justice of his censures, and defend both his alleged misrepresentations as to fact, and his supposed inaccuracies or inelegancies of style. Accordingly, when the first portion of the letter was put in type, with the justification of the Reviewer appended to it, the publisher received a proof impression of both, which was shown to the writer of the letter, (the author's friend and defender,) and would have been inserted in that state in the Number of 'The Athenæum' then about to appear; but that, at the request of the parties themselves, and in deference to their avowed wish alone, since the letter could not appear without the justification, both were, by consent, withdrawn; and it was distinctly intimated, that nothing further should be done on either side without due notice. Yet, in defiance of this pledge and understanding, the writer of the Letter, who declined having it printed in 'The Athenæum' with the answer or justification appended, instantly sent it, without notice or intimation, to the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review,' by whom he was sure it would be given without such justification; and, indeed, as the result has proved, with a positive misrepresentation as to the motive of its delay.

For this act of injustice to ourselves, we have received from the writer such ample apology, as to satisfy all personal feeling on the subject; but, as no private acknowledgement of error in others can make us stand right with the public, this is wholly insufficient for our editorial purpose, which can only be attained by the open statement of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This, therefore, we offer as our justification; repeating, in still stronger terms than before, our conviction, after a second perusal of the whole work, that it deserves, to the full extent, all the censures originally bestowed upon it; of which, had the opportunity been afforded to us, by the publication of the letter and comments already adverted to, we should have offered proof, by reference to 'pages, paragraphs, and lines' but, as the jurisdiction has been transferred from us to others, we are content to stand on our original ground, and to maintain our position there, at all hazards and against all opponents.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., is preparing a translation of the chief works of the celebrated Massillon; to be issued in parts at moderate intervals of time.

A Series of Treatises on the principal branches of manufacturing Chemistry, by Mr. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published. The Manufacture of Common Salt will form the subject of the first, which will be shortly published separately, comprising not only its history, physical, chemical, and economical; with suggestions for the material improvement of the manufacture, and a full digest of the result of the experiments in the use of salt by the agriculturists since the repeal of the duty.

The following works are in the press, and will be shortly published:

Commentaries on Insanity, in 8vo., by Dr. Burrows.  
A rational Exposition of the Physical signs of Diseases of the Lungs and Pleura, illustrating their Pathology and Diagnosis. By Charles J. B. Williams, M.D.

A Treatise on Difficult cases of Parturition, and the means recommended for the acceleration of uterine action, with an especial reference to, and a particular description of, the nature, properties, and effects of the Ergot of Rye. By W. Mitchell, Member of the College of Surgeons.

## LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Stewart's Sandwich Islands, 12mo., 8s.  
Lockhart's Life of Robert Burns, 8vo., 12s.  
Conway's Solitary Walks through many Lands, 2 vols. post 8vo., 16s.  
Taylor's Christian Consolations, 24mo., 2s. 6d.  
Johnson on Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach and Bowels, 8th edition, 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
Asiatic Costumes, 44 coloured Plates, 12mo., 18s.  
Characters in the Grand Fancy Ball given at Vienna, post, 4to., 14 coloured Plates, 12s.  
Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Londonderry, &c., 1 vol. 4to., 31. 3s.  
The Carcanet, a Literary Album, 18mo., 6s.  
Crescens More's Life of Sir Thomas More, edited by Rev. John Hunter, 8vo., 14s.  
Dillon's Thomas à Kempis, 8vo., 11. 1s.  
Huntington's Memoirs, 12mo., 3d edition, 5s.  
Philby's Researches in South Africa, 8vo., 21s.  
Alma Mater, a Series of Original Pieces, by Students in the University of Glasgow, 18mo., 4s.  
Turner's England and Wales, Number IV.

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